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IF the report of the early retirement of the present British Ambassador to this country be true, we trust the British government will select his successor from among British statesmen rather than from among British diplomats. The British government should be represented in this country by an eminent liberal who would be able to submit the interest and the point of view of his country both to the American government and to American public opinion in the most persuasive and authoritative manner. During the next few years the relationship between the two countries will be passing through a critical and formative phase. There is every reason to believe and to hope that the existing association between them will develop into an effective unity of policy and action in foreign affairs. The British representative in Washington can do much either to quicken or retard the process of reaching a better and more comprehensive understanding between the two governments and the two nations. There is one man whose qualification for this work seems to be unusually great, and he is the former head of the Foreign Office, Lord Grey. No other appointment which the British government could make would be more popular in this country. It would be taken as an evidence of the peculiar importance attached by the British commonwealth to its association with the United States and of an earnest desire to build a solid and permanent foundation for an enduring friendship.

AT the time when America declared war it was foreseen that the railways would be required to give precedence to government shipments and to work out forms of coöperation by which the more urgent civil transportation needs would be met. Most railway spokesmen argued that to move farther in the direction of governmental operation would reduce the physical efficiency and disorganize the finances of the railways. Now that we have actually nationalized the roads for the period of the war, most of the pessimistic forecasts of disaster from government operation have evaporated. Everybody appears to be confident that under the new system we shall be less afflicted with railway congestion and irregularity of service than we were before. The prevailing opinion as to the effect of government operation upon railway finances is registered in the decided advance of railway shares on the exchanges. It now seems hard to explain why we did not recognize months ago the advantages of governmental assumption of railways in war time. The government can count upon the railway personnel to give as efficient service as the private railways commanded, while escaping the duplication and waste of effort that the private railways, bound to take into account their own particular interests as well as the national interest, could not escape. The proposed guaranty of net earnings equivalent to the average of the last three years is generous. In all earlier years the railways have had to reinvest part of their net earnings in extension of track and improvement of equipment. If they are not required to make such investments while the government retains control they will have more ample funds for distribution than ever before.

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IT is impossible to refrain altogether from speculation as to the effect of governmental operation of railways in war upon the national ownership movement. If the experiment is successful, as we believe it will be, supporters of national ownership will undoubtedly make capital out of the fact. There is a certain unfairness in this, we are forced to recognize. Whatever measure of success we attain will be due largely to the efficient coöperation with the government of our higher railway officers, the very men who are most irreconcilable in their opposition to government ownership. We are in effect calling upon them to help us defeat their own hopes. Fortunately their patriotism is equal to the test. And it is not improbable that the railway men themselves, after experiencing the technical advantages of a system that allows freight and passengers to move by the most convenient route, without regard to competitive considerations, will become averse to returning to the old order. Their capacity for organization can now for the first time find full expression. They would probably feel cramped if the unified railway system were again dissolved into its component parts. Many of them now hope to attain the ends of efficiency through railway unification without government ownership. But they must see, sooner or later, that the idea of a consolidated railway system under private control is utopian. A democratic state could not tolerate the existence of an organized private interest of such magnitude as the whole American railway system.

RECENTLY The New Republic called attention to the fact that the kind of propaganda which the German government was willing to subsidize in foreign countries at heavy expense was not only the propaganda of peace but the propaganda of a war of vindictive extermination against Germany. Bolo's money was spent chiefly if not exclusively in bribing the most violently chauvinist of French journals. Perhaps our readers are disposed to be sceptical about the reality of this method of carrying on war propaganda and about the value to the German cause of the rancorous expression of enmity purchased by the government. Let us look, then for a moment, at the way the system works. On May 5th last Helfferich was answering a speech of one of the independent Socialists and was denouncing Dr. Cohn as pro-enemy because he differed with the government as to the most successful way of being pro-German. "The peace you advocate does not mean bread but hunger for the people. It does not mean liberty, it means slavery. That is not just my opinion. These are the words of our enemies. Just read their speeches and newspapers. . . . You need only look to the foreign press, and you will find no other peace suggested than one which would bring our German people slavery and serfdom. The other day I read in the committee an article by the French Senator, Humbert, which closed with something like the following words: 'This race of slaves dreaming of world hegemony must be made into slaves.' That is the kind of peace which our enemies wish to give us. Such a peace can only be promoted through speeches such as Dr. Cohn's."

THUS we can see why the German government found it worth while to subsidize French newspapers like the Journal and the Rappel. A Socialist representative makes attacks on the government's policy in a way which it is inconvenient to answer on the merits. The simplest way to answer the attack is to accuse him of being a friend of the enemy and the simplest way of establishing the relationship is to show up the enemy as such a malevolent beast that any variation from an attitude of violent hostility can be reproached with being unpatriotic. German patriotic propaganda needed, consequently, some good yellow French chauvinism for home consumption, and in its simple direct way the government purchased what it needed. Among the serious trivialities of the present war there are few incidents more grotesque and sinister than that of the reading by Helfferich to a Reichstag committee of an article apparently advocating the beating of Germany into abject submission for the purpose of exhibiting the malevolence of Germany's enemies, although the reader himself must have known that his own government was subsidizing the journal from which the quotation was being read. It is honorable to the French press that a quotation sufficiently vindictive could not be had without being purchased. It was contemptible of the German government to deceive the national representatives with a press article which was not an honest expression of French opinion. Finally, it was an incident which patriots in all countries, who seek above all things to avoid giving aid and comfort to the enemy, should consider with scrupulous care. Many of them would do well to inquire whether they are not uttering a kind of war propaganda which if it did not exist, the enemy would have reason to purchase.

A GOVERNMENT which purchased propaganda in France for consumption in Germany will, of course, arrange for propaganda in Germany for consumption abroad. The American State Department evidently suspects that the violent attacks on the peace terms, proposed by the Central Powers, which appeared in pan-German papers like the Tageszeitung were prompted by the German

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government for their possibly beneficial effects upon English and American opinion. Americans might be disposed to look with more approval on a basis of negotiation which the extreme German military expansionists so heartily disliked. This view is ingenuous, but it is almost certainly false. There can be little doubt about the sincerity of the pan-German press in protesting against the repudiation of military conquest by Germany. They believe in military conquest and they cherish ambitions for Germany which can only be realized by military conquest. The "Fatherland" party has been more and more opposed to the government's recent policy and has practically gone into opposition. It constitutes an extreme "right" as opposed both to the "central" bloc in the Reichstag majority which supports the government and the extreme left formed by the independent Socialists. It has become, that is, a minority party which is agitating against the government and which considers a policy of internal reform and external conciliation to be ruinous. Its publications had every reason from the pan-German point of view to oppose peace terms which abandoned the tangible results of German victories and substituted for them a promising but precarious policy of aggrandizement by political penetration. The truth of this view is confirmed by the more moderate attitude of opposition subsequently adopted by the pan-German press. If its opposition was merely being staged for its effect on the audience it would have continued as violently as it was begun. But if the opposition was sincere, yet from the point of view of the government undesirable, the government could easily manage to call it off—at least for the time being.

WHEN you live in the city of New York, and have had leisure enough to be depressed every day since election at the prospect of Tammany running the police department, and have been wondering whether your street will have a gambling hell or something worse in it, and have been asking people whether the police will drop in on you and collect the fine you must pay for running a legitimate business or whether you must call at headquarters and shove your money under the door, and at last you wake up on January 2d and find Mayor Hylan has appointed Frederick H. Bugher police commissioner, and the newspapers tell you Mr. Bugher is not half bad and likely to do tolerably well—"ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?"

HOW does the public opinion of the Southwest accept the report of President Wilson's labor commission on the Bisbee deportations? In grim disapproval, to judge from the press. The El Paso Herald is authority for the statement that only half a dozen newspapers in the Southwest even mentioned it, to disapprove of it. The following excerpts from an editorial in the Las Cruces Citizen seem to be fairly representative: "As we understand the report, the honorable secretary [Secretary of Labor Wilson] insists that the Americans of Bisbee did wrong to make possible the production of copper for the use of this government in war. . . . We presume that President Wilson and his cabinet officials are telling us the truth when they say the nation must have copper. As we understand it, the Americans of Bisbee have never made a claim of deporting the agitators from that camp under any legal procedure, but believing their President, and recognizing the need of copper as a war material through their own good sense, they determined that where no law existed to do the right thing at the right time, and give their own country and their own business and lives protection, they, as American citizens, could make a law for the occasion, and they did." Bethmann-Hollweg would feel at home in Las Cruces and Bisbee. He would find no difficulty in justifying the German attitude toward Belgium. Finding no law to do the right thing at the right time and give their own country and their own business and lives protection, the Germans determined to make a law for the occasion, and they did.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER of the University of Nebraska, whose article on Americanism is printed elsewhere in this issue of The New Republic, says our Civil War "marked the purification of democracy in its own house and a final clear-conscious recognition of the uttermost meaning of the term democracy." It is only fair to Professor Alexander to point out that this was written of a period when very few persons realized that democracy in its uttermost meaning could not exist in the United States until the vote was given to women. Professor Alexander is heartily in favor of woman suffrage. He thinks it is "the most spectacular recent continuation of our traditional policy and altogether in its logic."

What the German Peace Proposal Means

THE terms of a general peace proposed by the Central Powers to Russia have turned out to be as dangerous as they threatened to be. They are cleverly contrived to take every advantage of the weakness of Russia and to use the ostensible renunciation of military conquest as a stepping stone to a settlement in favor of Germany. They are described as a return to the status quo ante. So they

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are in the sense that Germany gains no territory, but she would gain such an increase of political influence as a consequence of the splitting up of Russia that a totally new distribution of power would be created in eastern Europe; and this new distribution of power would enable an autocratic Germany to do very much as she pleased in that part of the world. Doubtless even an autocratic Germany would find the smaller Slav states unruly associates, but even if unruly they would be comparatively helpless. The settlement proposed by the Central Powers is based on no principle save the negative one of renouncing military conquest, and if it comes to prevail it would leave the nations subject to all the old dissensions and the victims of all the old apprehensions and mutual distrust.

The proposals of the Central Powers in their present form are clearly impossible. They offer restitution of territory, but they do not offer to repair any of the damage they have done or to restore any of the property they have stolen. The clauses in which the matter of damages and indemnities is treated are ambiguous, but the acceptance of them by the Allies would, so far as we can make out, result in the payment of considerable balances by the Allied governments to the Central Powers. Belgium, France and England would be justified in resenting them as a stupid joke. Scarcely less unsatisfactory is the treatment of the Russian demand for the self-determination of nationalities. In substance what the Germans propose is that the Russian Poles, Lithuanians and the Ruthenians, and the populations of the Dobrudja and Macedonia shall be permitted to determine how far they are willing to remain part of Russia, but that the Jugo-Slavs and the Tcheco-Slovaks shall not be consulted about their relations to Austria-Hungary. The principle of nationality is recognized in so far as its recognition may contribute to the preponderance of the Central Powers in eastern Europe. It is denied recognition in so far as its recognition, Macedonia apart, would impair the ability of the German and Hungarian ruling class to use their Slavic fellow citizens as cannon fodder. Manifestly the two imperial governments are optimistic in expecting to obtain peace on any such basis as this. Their last peace proposal like their first is still a manoeuvre for position, but they are manoeuvering in much greater force. By renouncing their military conquests they expect to convince simple-minded people of their sincere desire for peace by understanding and reconciliation. But they aim to substitute a political for a military victory. Without annexing any part of Russian territory, not even the semi-German Baltic provinces, they expect to divide Russia up into a group of ostensibly independent states, which at worst cannot offer any resistance to German and Austrian political ambitions, and which at best can be used to promote those ambitions.

It is their manifest attempt to substitute a political for a military victory, which deprives the boasted German renunciation of conquest of its better significance. The offer to evacuate Belgium, northern France, Serbia and Rumania, in spite of the inability of the Allied armies for the present to force such evacuation, looks like a manifest triumph of the German liberals over the von Tirpitz-Reventlow pan-German policy, and it is a triumph in that it means the abandonment of any immediate attempt by Germany to threaten the western Powers. The New York Times goes so far as to say "Either fact by itself [that is, the proposing of peace negotiations and the renunciation of conquest] is evidence that they [the Central Powers] have renounced all hope of victory. Taken together they are unmistakably an acknowledgment of defeat." This interpretation is altogether too complacent. There would be undeniable truth in it, provided Russia were emerging from the war a united and vigorous nation, but inasmuch as Russia will emerge a weak and distracted nation, the Germans are offered a chance of obtaining a victory as complete and as dangerous as that which they won at Sedan and Metz.

The temporary political ineptitude of the Russian revolutionary republic has offered to the Germans what seems to be a supreme opportunity. Instead of seeking European domination by way of a consolidated mid-European political unit, they are dreaming now of placing themselves at the head of a great combination of Slavic peoples, and so of erecting themselves into the incontestable masters of the world. Rather than let this opportunity slip through their fingers they are doubtless willing to pay a much heavier price than has yet been offered for the consent of the western Powers. They are not likely to stick at concessions to France, to Italy and to Great Britain, provided by means of such concessions they can obtain practically a free hand in the east. If their apparent renunciation of military conquest is not sufficient to undermine the fighting morale of the western Powers, they will seek in all probability to accomplish this result by the offer to compromise the territorial demands, which Frenchmen and Italians have placed on the headlines of their program. By means of such concessions they will seek to satisfy French and Italian national ambition and pride, and at the same time to take advantage of the resentment which the western Allies have been displaying against Russia because she has insisted on precipitating peace negotiations. In the meantime every resource of German diplomacy and intrigue will be used to increase the alienation between Russia and her former allies

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and to strengthen German influence in former Russian territory.

Such is the significance of the new German "peace offensive" and if it is to be overcome the western Allies will need to use bold and skilful diplomacy. The task is rendered very much more difficult by the way in which the Allies have blundered during the past six months in their handling of Russia and by their indifference to the use of political as compared to military weapons in their efforts to win the war. The one certain way of consummating this career of blundering would be to follow the policy indicated in the British Premier's recent speech and to treat the Russian nation as a treacherous deserter. No pacifist has ever proposed a policy which would be accepted with keener relish in Berlin than the policy of ruling Russia out as a "Judas among nations." Rather should the western Allies and particularly America redouble their efforts to give aid to Russia and to reënforce the large growing element in Russia, which will eventually gather the strength to put up an effective resistance to the German designs against the future independence and security of the Russian people.

The task of arousing Russian opinion to the seriousness of their danger should not put too severe a strain on the diplomatic propaganda of the Allies. The Russian craving for peace and the German attempt to take advantage of it is resulting in a very paradoxical situation. The German government is beginning a systematic effort to dominate eastern Europe by proposing a basis of peace negotiations which converts not only the Russian but the Slavic people generally into the scapegoats of the present war. The Slavs are being inveigled into consenting to a great triumph for the Germans in the prolonged competition between the two races for preponderance. The great task of the diplomatic propaganda of the Allies should be to awaken a resentful resistance among the Russians and Poles to the carrying out of the German ambition. There seems to be only one way in which such resistance can be stimulated and that is by the issue of a statement from the western Allies to the peoples of eastern Europe and particularly those of Russia. Such a statement should expose what use the Germans are trying to make of the Russian desire for peace, how grave a menace German success in this plan would bring into existence against Russian and Polish independence, and how indispensable it is for the Russians to refuse consent to such a bare-faced conspiracy against their own future security. The statement should explicitly accept the principle of the self-determination of nationalities, subject to the limitations which the necessities of international commercial intercourse and security place upon the application of the principle. Finally it should satisfy the Russian demand for a restatement of Allied war aims, a demand which has been refused so stubbornly and with such disastrous consequences; and the war aims when they are restated should follow President Wilson's example and that of the British and French Socialists in subordinating nationalist to internationalist objects. The issue of such a document would advertise the damage which the Bolshevik negotiations have done to the security of Russia and it would encourage the formation of a stronger pro-Ally party which might prevent the Russians from yielding even temporarily to the sinister influence of Germany.

If the counter-offensive suggested in the preceding paragraph is adopted, it should, however, be adopted with a clear understanding of its necessary limitations. The political disorganization of Russia has proceeded so far that for an indefinite period that country will provide a tempting and fruitful valley for exploitation by an energetic and aggressive neighbor such as Germany. Nothing that the western Allies can do short of inflicting as a consequence of a decisive military victory a corresponding political disintegration on Germany and Austria-Hungary can deprive the Germans of the opportunity of winning political domination in Russia. But Great Britain and America have both refused to employ a possible military victory for the purpose of breaking up Germany, and it looks superficially as if any attempt of America and the western European Powers to prevent Germany from taking advantage of Russian weakness would be abortive. But if the present crisis is wisely managed there is no reason for such discouragement. Assuming that active steps are taken to build up a pro-Ally party in Russia, that the proposed terms are rejected explicitly because they are threatening to Russian security, and that the fighting is continued until the confidence of the German people in their government is finally undermined, the Allies should be able to save Russia from becoming the catspaw of Germany. If Germany were effectively democratized as a result of the war, and if the Austrian Slavs were liberated to the same extent as the minor nationalities of Russia, the Russian democracy could be trusted pretty well to take care of itself. But if Germany should not be democratized, and if a fight against her preponderating influence in Russia should set in after the war, the Allies would at least start with a better chance of success than if they abandon Russia during the war. Notwithstanding the advantages which Germany would derive from proximity—the democratic Powers should not be afraid of a fight against an autocratic Germany for preponderance in a republican Russia. Those who have faith in democracy would count firmly on ultimate defeat of Germany.

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France and the League of Nations

THE first war aim of France is to conquer, declares Foreign Minister Pichon, as reported in a Paris dispatch to the New York Times.

> "But why? To assure a world peace of justice and fraternity. We desire the liberation of our occupied territories, just reparation for what has been forcibly torn from us, reintegration of Alsace Lorraine, reparation for damages sustained, and a guaranty of durable peace by international agreements."
>
> "Repeat that last phrase," Pierre Renaudel interjected.
>
> M. Pichon repeated it, adding, "The reference is to a society of nations."
>
> "You should have said so," M. Renaudel rejoined.

Why should it be necessary to insist so meticulously upon clarity of expression from the French government on just this point? Because there is a belief abroad, in England and America, that the French government takes only a platonic interest in plans for world organization after the war. It is a belief that is not without adherents in France, as the foregoing quotations indicate. There has never been any doubt as to the genuineness and inflexibility of the will of the French government to compel the evacuation of French soil and to exact reparation for the wanton havoc that the Germans have wrought. There has been doubt, and there still is doubt, that the French government is equally determined upon the creation of an international system to assure the permanence of peace.

How are we to explain this preoccupation with national aims, this apparent neglect of international aims, on the part of the French, of all modern nations the best qualified by temperament and cultural character for international leadership? The customary militaristic explanation, that France is too practical to set a dream alongside of tangible realities, will not pass muster. France is a nation that has known how to make dreams count. Liberty, equality, fraternity, for example; a dream, but in what quarter of the world has it not operated to break down class privileges, to inspire the oppressed with a sentiment of their proper worth? When France subscribes without reservation to the dream of a world league, we may feel quite confident that the dream will in a sense come true. No: France does not look coolly upon the plan of a league of nations because it is a dream, but because in a world of compromises there is always a possibility that it may be subordinated to other purposes. A settlement that should realize the project of a league of nations without realizing the just national aspirations of France would be a settlement of no value, in French eyes.

And this is tantamount to saying that such a settlement would be of doubtful value from whatever point of view. A league of nations can not be more than a paper project unless there is force behind it, and unless, moreover, it commands points where force may be applied. Though all the Powers unite in the league, potential conflicts of interest among them will remain. The stability of the league will depend upon the capacity of the disinterested Powers to bring pressure to bear upon any single Power that manifests a will to advance its own interests through aggression. We may as well admit the fact that there is not one single great Power than can be absolutely depended on not to avail itself of superior strength to extend its dominions. Not the United States, which might easily have been garrisoning Mexico City at this very time if anyone but Woodrow Wilson had been President three years ago. Not England, which extinguished Boer independence, not France, which reduced Morocco to vassalage, not Italy, which aimed an attack upon independent Abyssinia, not Russia, with her designs against Persia, nor Japan, with her designs against China, all in evidence in the last fifteen years. But least of all are Germany and Austria-Hungary to be depended on to refrain from aggression. And what is most serious, it is precisely these two Powers which menace the lesser nations of our common western civilization. Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, the Balkan states, and now perhaps a group of autonomous states on the east will be menaced in their sovereignty, if at all, only by the Teutonic empires.

The United States can not undertake an aggressive policy in opposition to the will of the league. Excepting along our southern border, we could conduct aggressive operations only by sea, and it is idle to suppose that we could command the seas against a world coalition. England and Japan also can carry out aggressive designs only across stretches of ocean and therefore can not carry out such designs in defiance of a world league. France not only requires the freedom of the seas in any imperialistic designs she may undertake, but is also subject to pressure from the land. The same thing is true of Italy. But the Teutonic empires, in so far as their ambitions concern themselves with contiguous territory, can not be held in check by naval powers. Probably for at least a generation Russia will be engrossed in the problems of internal organization and will have little military force to place at the disposition of the world league. Italy must be regarded as primarily a naval power, with at most sufficient military resources for the defense of her own frontiers. As matters now stand, force as a corrective of aggression can be applied to Germany only by France or through France.

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France is the cardinal point in the league of nations. Without the active coöperation of France the league can employ against the Powers most likely to develop aggressive designs only moral and economic pressure. America, England, Italy and Japan might forbid Germany to annex Holland or Scandinavia, Poland or Finland, but if Germany chose to disregard their wishes, they could do nothing more than cut off Germany's sea borne trade. The maritime Powers would lack the fulcrum for the application of military force. With France actively coöperating with the league, Germany would proceed to the subjection of the lesser European states at the peril of a military attack which she could withstand only by desperate effort. For we may assume that a league of nations determined to insure peace would make such provision for military preparations that no one nation nor coalition of two nations could hope to raise forces equal to those of the rest of the league.

If we are to have a league of nations actually competent to defend the lesser states of Europe against aggression, we must have the coöperation, and indeed the leadership of France. But France will not be capable of leadership if she issues from this war with nothing to compensate her for her immense sacrifices. Some rectification of frontiers is essential to the integrity of the national consciousness of France. If she were now compelled to renounce all claim to reparation and restitution, there is danger that she would sink into the egoistic nationalism of a second rate Power without hopes or fears. From this point of view it is quite clear that the satisfaction of legitimate French national ambitions is an international object of the first importance.

But it is equally clear that the satisfaction of French national ambitions can have permanent value only on condition of the organization of an international league powerful enough to assure France the retention of what she wins. Suppose that the Germans, weary of battling against the present odds, were to cede part or all of Alsace Lorraine. Could France by her own unaided power hold the territories thus acquired against future German attempts to recover them? It will be long before another effective Franco-Russian alliance can be established. And in the meantime France can not be secured in her possession of contentious territory except through the support of the maritime Powers. Such support would readily be accorded her in response to the obligations inherent in a league of nations. But France can not count on support if she permits the present alliance to fall apart into unrelated nationalisms.

France is in need of a league of nations and the league of nations is in need of France. These reciprocal relations are so manifest that it is difficult to understand why they are so generally ignored. And perhaps the reason why Frenchmen dwell heavily upon the need of a victory and pass lightly over the question of a league is because they feel that the essentially international character of their national aspirations is not fully recognized abroad; that non-Frenchmen are disposed to set the French national purpose off against the international purpose of America and England, unconscious of the fact that either must eventually prove fruitless if the other fail.

The Civil Status Quo

TO acquit ourselves well in the war is our supreme national obligation. To contribute to the best of his ability to the meeting of this obligation is the paramount duty of every citizen. To throw private or sect or class or party interests as obstacles in the way of the national purpose is treason, whether or not so defined by the law. These are axioms to every patriot. They are not merely logical axioms; they are moral axioms as well. Let those dispute them who can live outside the communion of good citizenship.

When we pass beyond these axioms to corollaries and conclusions, however, we find ourselves picking our way among uncertainties and confusions. One of these corollaries, which has been widely accepted as necessarily valid, is that all civil relations, for the war period, should be governed by the principle of maintaining the status quo. It is pertinent to inquire how far such a principle can anywhere have definite meaning, and how wide a field it can cover.

The commonest application of the principle has to do with the relations of labor and capital, producer and price-fixing authority. Delaying the construction of ships, for example, is axiomatically treasonable conduct, now when our national might must go forth in ships and victory or defeat turns upon adequate tonnage. The construction of ships may be delayed through a strike. Is not such a strike, then, ipso facto treasonable? That is a conclusion to which many a good citizen jumps, without first pausing to consider that there are always two parties to a strike and that if the employers had conceded what the workers demanded, there would have been no strike. Shall we say, then, that the root of the treason lies in the employers' refusal to make concessions? No: perhaps the demands of labor are excessive; perhaps the granting of the demands would mean the economic ruin of the employer. And perhaps the denial of the demand means that the workers must endure privation and

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consequent physical deterioration. Let us remember that capital operates, as a rule, with a very small margin above expenses and that labor works, as a rule, with a very small margin above cost of living. There is treason in strikes obstructing our vital industrial enterprises in war, but on which side the treason lies must be determined after examination of the facts in each case.

So in like manner there is treason in holding up the production of coal or steel while haggling over prices; but whether the guilt rests with the producer or the price-fixing authority can not be determined offhand. Is the producer scheming for a profiteering price? Or is the price-fixing authority attempting to establish a confiscatory price? The treason of obstruction is real enough, according to the pragmatic test. It works: it has already worked great mischief in our affairs and threatens to work greater mischief. But treason is guilt, and guilt lies somewhere. On which side it lies, in such instances as we have cited, can be definitely determined only when we have a secure definition of fair profits, fair wages, fair prices. But what does the practical world know of standards of fairness in economic values? Nothing at all. Price determination is a result of struggle, and all we can demand of employers and their laborers, of producers and their customers, is that they should suspend active contention and maintain as nearly as practicable the status quo. The side that disturbs the status quo is the side that deserves our moral reprobation.

Here at least we seem to have something definite. Maintain the status quo. Let union shops remain union shops; let open shops remain as they were. Let wage scales remain unchanged, except for revisions undertaken to adjust money wages to changing levels of prices. Let the coal operators have prices that will assure them their pre-war range of profits. But alas, this appearance of definiteness is specious, because the nation can not content itself with the status quo in production. We must have greater output. Union restrictions must be relaxed; skilled labor must be diluted with unskilled; women must be admitted to men's jobs. And what power is there in America to guarantee that union labor will reconquer the fields now surrendered out of patriotism? Quite clearly, maintaining the status quo for organized labor means conceding to it new rights to offset its surrendered strongholds. For the producer, the pre-war level of profits does not really maintain the status quo. He is expected to expand and adapt his production and this means risks to be met when peace is restored. Maintaining the status quo is thus after all only an ideal, not actually capable of precise application even in the economic field, considered comparatively simple.

What, then, may we expect of the application of such a principle in the general field of social policy? In a particular state, we will say, the movement for social insurance had made head for some years before the outbreak of war. A powerful party supports it and a powerful party opposes it. Shall the strife be suspended for the period of the war? This would not result in the maintenance of the status quo. Social insurance is something new in American politics. It has to win over the indifferent as well as conciliate or crush the hostile. Let its supporters retire from the field for the period of the war, and all the indifferent minds it has galvanized into transient interest, will slip back into negation. What is true of social insurance is true of all emerging social or political policies. Women's suffrage, prohibition, universal military training, public ownership, can not maintain the status quo through a mere cessation of activity on both sides. They must inevitably be set back by inaction. That is why we constantly hear the principle of the status quo invoked by the congenital opponents of all social or political change.

And after all, wherein is our country's war efficiency impaired if men and women continue to agitate for social insurance, women's suffrage, prohibition, public ownership, universal military training? Politics is a war industry only in the sense that lumber manufacture is a war industry. Only a part of its output is destined for war use. By all means, let such part have priority. Beyond that let the mills of politics be free to grind such grist as the time furnishes.

Not even Congress can devote all its time profitably to the business of carrying on war. Voting aye or no on a prohibition or a woman suffrage amendment does not seriously exhaust the capacity of the average congressman to turn out constructive war measures. Still less can the state legislatures devote their whole time to war measures. Ratifying or rejecting amendments, debating and voting on measures unrelated to the war, are activities that are indifferent, from the point of view of patriotic morality, so long as war measures are accorded their due priority.

We are, then, driven to the conclusion that a quite exaggerated importance is attached to the maintenance of the civil status quo. Liberally defined, it may properly be accepted as an ideal in governing direct economic relations where an enforced harmony is essential to maximum national production. In matters of general politics it has no application at all. Here all that patriotism demands is due regard to the principles of priority. With such principles consistently observed, we

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should, indeed, reject as mischievous every attempt to confine us to a condition that implies political stagnation. We need, more than ever in our history, the inspiration that flows from a realization that we are steadily becoming a more humane and efficient and intelligent democracy. We need a healthy political development, if for no other reason than to assure ourselves that it is a gulf wider than the Atlantic that separates us from Germany.

Discipline and Business

A MAN carrying a rifle that can kill at a mile, with a steel dagger at the end of it, a man frequently entrusted with high explosive bombs, poison gas, and fire that can be shot through a nozzle, is no man to be allowed freedom of action. Thousands of such men in the presence of equally dangerous enemies, whose weapons they must face in perfect order, cannot have autonomy. The commands of superiors must be explicit. They must be obeyed. No one can be allowed to start the slightest debate about what he is told to do. If he is told to do the wrong thing, it is better for him to do it and let his superior take the blame than for him to endanger the whole army by introducing chaos with unexpected movements. Soldiers are so deeply impressed by these axioms of warfare that they sometimes send whole companies of men to useless and certain death rather than disobey, or even question, orders. Out of such conceptions army discipline and etiquette have grown. They permeate all military schools, all military offices, and all military souls. They color the severely peaceful work of Washington headquarters.

Along with discipline comes the tendency of the officer, because his responsibility is absolute within his sphere of action, to limit that sphere. If an officer is told to do something, and does not do it or does it wrong, he must shoulder the whole blame. But he does not shoulder the blame for what another man does not do, or does wrong. In fact he tries in every way to escape responsibility for the other man's acts. Wherever he can, that is, almost everywhere except on the battlefield, he protects himself with records and vouchers and O. K.'s. If he is ever attacked for an action, the one way to clear himself is to show where his authority began and where it ended, and then to prove that within those limits he literally followed instructions. He does not have to worry, and does not worry, about anything else. The result is that he is trained to be exceedingly precise, but not to think much about the effectiveness of a course of action, about its purpose, or about the speed with which it is accomplished. He is trained to play safe. The men who rise in army bureaus in time of peace are likely to be the faithful men who have risen by the simple process of growing old, or by the complicated and dilatory process of never taking a chance.

In peace, when the only important object was to secure promotion and there were no competitive results for the army as a whole to achieve, that condition was bearable. Now it is not. A young business man is given a commission in one of the purchasing bureaus. He has been either an employer or a trusted executive. He has always been on the watch for subordinates who not only do their work well, but see how it might be done better. He likes nothing so much as to have someone come into his office and show him how, by improving some system or getting rid of some useless machinery, he can hasten or enlarge production. If he is wrong about anything, he knows it will show to his discredit in the yearly balance sheet, and he wants to have somebody prove to him that he is wrong. He has been trained to produce results, to be inquisitive and troublesome, to accept responsibility not only for his own work, but for what happens. He does not, of course, like obstinacy or insubordination, yet he has not been taught blindly to follow orders, or to exact unquestioning obedience. Such habits in a going business would have been dangerous. In a growing business they would have led to disaster.

He has not been long in the purchasing bureau before he finds something he wants to alter. But immediately he collides with discipline. If a superior gives him an order of which he disapproves, he cannot say, "But don't you think it would be better——?" He must say, "Yes, sir," and obey. He cannot go over the head of his immediate superior to a higher officer, and explain a better way. To do so would be to invite court martial. If he wishes to make a recommendation or a report to anyone in a different unit or division of the service, he cannot go to that man and reach an understanding with him. He must make the recommendation in writing to his immediate superior, who then endorses it and passes it to *his* superior, and so it travels all the way up to the head of the bureau. Finally, if it is lucky, it gets through the Adjutant General's office or some other appropriate office into the other division, and is leisurely passed down to the individual in question, stopping at every rung of the ladder to receive the inevitable endorsement and O. K. Under such a weight of delay and authority, an enterprising officer soon loses the impulse to hasten or change anything.

What strange results military discipline can

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achieve in business operations may be illustrated by an incident, not wholly imaginary. A great pile of ammunition boxes lies on a pier awaiting transportation to France. Each box, in the extensive and meticulous system of the army, is numbered. A ship lies at the pier, waiting to be loaded. She can carry two-thirds of that ammunition. Does Washington order the local officer in charge to load on the ship as much as he can, and report back the number of the boxes passed over the rail? Not at all. Washington orders the officer to load boxes number 1329, 1330, 1426, etc., up to the required amount. Washington is used to the idea that the superior officer must do all the thinking, so that the most stupid subordinate could not possibly make a mistake. As a result, the longshoremen have to turn over that pile of ammunition boxes, burrow into it, and comb it over again and again in order to find the exact boxes specified in the order. It takes three times as long as it otherwise would. But the local officer cannot question his orders. Perhaps some day by accident the superior will discover that such a method causes delay. He may correct the mistake. But how is the next mistake to be corrected?

An accountant commissioned for the purpose of going over the books of companies manufacturing for the army is ordered to inspect certain factories in Wilmington, Trenton and Philadelphia. He is told when to leave Washington, how long to remain in each city, and when to return. On his arrival in Wilmington he discovers a difficulty concerning which he must ask the Vice-President of the company a question. The Vice-President happens to be in another town, ten miles away. The accountant cannot leave Wilmington for that town. He cannot leave Wilmington at all until the date specified in his order; then he must leave. If the Vice-President does not return to Wilmington within the allotted time, the question must go unasked. There is only one escape. The accountant may send a telegram to his immediate superior, saying according to a prescribed form that urgent military necessity requires that his order be changed to read that he go etc., etc., and that he respectfully recommends that it be so changed. He is lucky if the telegram finds its way to the proper authority and the answer comes within three days. The accountant can never, no matter how respectfully, recommend that the method of giving orders allow him more discretion.

Much is said about the red tape of the army. If there were no obstruction but red tape, it might be quickly removed. But behind the red tape is discipline, and behind discipline is the military frame of mind. No one questions the patriotism and earnestness and thoroughness of the regular officer. Yet his frame of mind is not an accident; it has been drilled into him, and he cannot change it in a month. The commissioning of civilians does, to be sure, introduce a fresh element, but that element tends constantly to be absorbed and deadened by discipline. There are few reserve officers out of the thousands in Washington who cannot tell of processes disorganized, undertakings delayed, gross mistakes of policy, which they have no opportunity to rectify. Some of the higher and older officers are also alive to the necessity of vitalizing the business branches of the army, but the leaven works slowly and against Gargantuan difficulties. Enormous credit is due to the men who have already done so much to change War Department practices. Yet the country is not now primarily concerned in apportioning credit to competitors in an obstacle race. It is concerned in sending guns and shells to its army in France.

It is ludicrous and tragic—this fact that the most important and the biggest business task America has ever undertaken—the task of producing billions of dollars' worth of munitions in time to keep Germany from winning the war—has been intrusted to an organization whose mental processes are so little fitted for business operations. We shall have Congressional investigations, official explanations and assurances, reorganizations and resignations, but in the end the United States will discover, as France and England discovered, that the efficiency of the battlefield is to the efficiency of the office as alkali to acid, that discipline and business will not mix, that every business task which can be accomplished by the army might have been accomplished more easily and quickly by trained civilians. The pity of it is that every day which separates the government from that discovery is measured in the suffering of nations.

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Americanism

FOUR great historical documents, marking progressive epochs in our national history, give the essential definition of Americanism in politics. First is the Declaration of Independence, signed July 4, 1776, proclaiming the principles by which the United States justify their independence of European domination. Second is President Monroe's message to Congress, of December 2, 1823, announcing the right of the peoples of the western hemisphere to pursue their political destinies without interference from Old World powers. Third is Lincoln's memorial address at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863, in which the rights of Americans to their own continents are affirmed to be inalienably democratical, and without democracy to be forfeit. Fourth is the message delivered by President Wilson at the joint session of the two Houses of Congress, April 2, 1917, asserting the value of the democratical polity to the whole territorial world and the right to it of the entire human race.

These documents are not themselves causes of political conduct in any primary sense. Rather, each is a summary of contemporary political conviction—from which fact arises the height of their significance as expression of the political faith of America. It is certainly true that this faith has been clarified and invigorated by the fine intelligence of the expression; for more than to any other form of state, public intelligence is necessary to democracy. Nevertheless, as in every other form of state, the final sanction of government is the faith of the citizen; which is the impulse for that conduct whereof, in democracies, intelligence alone can set the pattern. The patterns of Americanism are its public utterances, with the four that have been mentioned in the stations of preeminence.

Out of each of these documents may be chosen phrases which serve as texts of their fuller meaning. "All men are created equal . . . . unalienable rights . . . . life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness": this is the core of the Declaration of Independence, voicing in eighteenth century speech that belief of democrats in men's right to the self-responsible making of their own laws which is fundamental in our polity. It is true that this formal meaning of the pronouncement has received many material alterations in the course of a century of history (though none, certainly, that weaken the strength of the form); and among them, not the least, a vast extension of the meaning of "all men" and a profound complexification of the doctrine of "rights." The men who signed the Declaration, though their minds were broad with the morning, were yet but conscious rebels. What they felt was less the tyranny of the Old World than the independence of the New, and what they demanded was the right of free experimentation in lands unspoiled. The true foundation of the rights of man as they knew them was their own self-confidence in their own political sagacity. The beginning of American liberty was the commanding acceptance of responsibility.

The Declaration proclaimed America's right to try out democracy; the Monroe Doctrine proclaimed both the success of the experiment and the belligerent intention to broaden its territorial marches. "*The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain,* are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers." The italicized phrase is the important one: it proclaims again the acceptance of responsibility, no longer for experiment, but for huge expansion. The Monroe Doctrine, in effect, established a greater Mason and Dixon's line, having the natural seas for its delineations. Unless history shall show greater consequences from President Wilson's War Message, it is the most ambitious political proclamation ever made effective. In its own consciousness the United States was no longer, as de Tocqueville and other sympathetic Europeans regarded it, merely an unexpectedly fruitful trial of precarious political theory; it was now confident and aggressive, with ambitions outpassing the grandiosities of emperors —and incidentally and immediately, defying emperors and their ambitions; for the direct occasion of Monroe's message was the threat of the Holy Alliance for the re-subjection of South America and the Russian threat of expansion in North America.

The truly arrogant pretentiousness of the Monroe Doctrine is best realized when we contrast the sparseness of the human population in the western hemisphere with the relatively crowded condition of the eastern: virtually, since the democratic faith was but meagerly represented in the Old World at that time, it was a demand from an insignificant minority among men that they be possessed of a third of the world. Certainly, such a demand could never have received any general recognition had it not been coupled with a free invitation to all European peoples to colonize

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America in every sense save the political; the convincing corollary to the Monroe Doctrine was the open door to immigrants. It may be remarked that the situation is not greatly changed today. The Americas are still the most sparsely populated of the great habitable areas of our globe; the Monroe Doctrine is still in force. But the test of its strength is to come not from Europe but from Asia. The real issue, before Americans and Europeans alike, is now whether, in the interests of political independence, the western hemisphere must not, and in fairness, open the doors of immigration to the Oriental. Can the Caucasian west pre-empt this virginal domain to the lasting exclusion of the congested east? What is the meaning of " all men," in our Declaration?

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address represents cognizance of the same fundamental problem from the angle of internal organization; it is, as it were, the conscious self-measurement of the New World polity in the glass of its own ideals. The speech looks back to the nation's beginnings, and, in a sense, it is a final re-affirmation of what Monroe had before affirmed: that the experimental stage of American democracy was passed, and that thenceforth, bulwarked by America, " government of the people, for the people, and by the people " should not perish from the earth. It affirmed this, not in view of external threat, but in the presence of internal; in effect stating that America could not tolerate from any group of its own people the formation and perpetuation of an oligarchical or other form of anti-democratical state, that democracy alone should be free to develop in the western hemisphere, for the very reason that democracy is imperiled by non-democratical neighbors. The address was, in short, an apostolic profession that democracy is convinced of its own righteousness, and is intolerant of all dangerous rivals.

Supporting this profession there was a profounder meaning than the ostensible one of territorial union and political unity. The meaning of " all men " still called for definition, and Lincoln could not use the word " people " in any cant sense. He had long before proclaimed that the nation could not endure half slave and half free; he well knew that the crux of the war was the slave question; and no man could have been wiselier conscious than he of the fact that the settlement of that question for freedom must mean ultimately a redefinition of " people " and a new conception of American citizenship. The United States had liberally welcomed Europeans of many tongues and complexions, who should be the making of its people; now it was ready to take into the body politic millions of that race which is most antipodal to the European. The enfranchisement of the American blacks is the most heroic act of political faith in history. True, the problem of readjustment has none of the simplicity which the idealists of that time dreamed it to have; it is a problem that now is and will long continue with us. But the faith that was in the Declaration and that forms the heart of Americanism today, faith in the civic nobility and therefore in the civic rights of all nature which we can call human, received in the enfranchisement of the Negroes its extreme attestation. From that time forward Americans could face the world, conscious that they had made themselves clean with their first profession. Race questions and class questions—as distinguished from questions of formal politics—will long continue to vex us, and eventually the Mongol problem will be huger than the Negro; but by implication all of these were settled, and not only for us, but for all democratical peoples, when our Civil War came to its issue. The civic man is henceforth of no preferred complexion and of no recognized caste—at least, this is now a fixed article in our American faith in a " government of the people ": Americanism cannot be for " all men " in any lesser sense than for " men of all kindreds."

The Revolutionary War established the privilege of democracy in the New World. A mature generation later that privilege was converted into an aggressive right, balking the ambitious pretensions of the Caesars of that day in respect to the two western continents. Another generation matured, and the Civil War marked the purification of democracy in its own house, and a final clear-conscious recognition of the uttermost intention of the term democracy. Now a third generation has matured and passed, and in a war outmeasuring all those that men have fought the United States is called once more, not only to stand for its political faith, but to expand the meaning of that faith. The stand and the expansion have both been made, and (true to the genius of his nation) the President has given their meaning in a penetrating phrase. " The world must be made safe for democracy; its peace must be planted upon tested foundations of political liberty." *The World!* Here, indeed, is expansion; our globe has shrunk too small for democratic and autocratic states to subsist together, nor can Ocean herself constrain them in separation. Democracy has issued her final defiance to all the citadels of absolutism, proclaiming no longer her right to independence, nor merely her right to her own free field, but now her purposed supremacy in all fields and over all polities. Here is arrogance of pretension outmatching Monroe's, whose broad-limned compromise breaks futile, like the old com-

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promises of North and South. Democracy is now claiming for herself no lesser thing than the world.

The new declaration is fittingly accompanied by a re-affirmation of the old. The "tested foundations of political liberty" refer us once again to the trial which our national history has given to our national faith, proudly asserting that we have passed the trial with triumph, and that the high self-confidence of the authors of the Declaration has been justified to their sons' sons. But more than this, the new declaration, like those which have preceded it, adds new meaning to the whole national faith. Our fight, said the President, is for the liberation of the world's peoples, "the German people included,"—therein asserting the right of democracy to a kind of spiritual colonization, even in antagonistic lands. The assertion of such a right, unless it were the deepest of convictions, could only be the most incredible effrontery; and if conviction, it can have for its meaning naught save a new definition of "all men." Henceforth, the word "people" must include not merely men of all external complexions, but men of all internal complexions, not merely men of all classes, but men of all polities—and for the reason that there is but one true form of the truly human polity, and that is the democratical form. The faith that underlies such an assumption is prodigious; and it is in that faith that we are fighting, for it is the core of Americanism. Fighting, and at the same time watching and listening with an eager and amazing confidence for the first signs of response from the German people; for the President spoke only what all Americans in their hearts believe, when he said that our war is with institutions and not people.

Americanism has received its definition in four great documents. Three of these have been issued upon the occasion of great wars, and the fourth, for near a century, has been as distinctly belligerent in character as the mailed fist or the jangling sabre. Americanism is, obviously, no pacifist faith. But it is, none the less, a faith. It is a faith vast in its pretensions beyond all dreams of autocrats; and it is a faith, despite its century of trial, little justified by what has transpired in human history. Yet in the face of autocrats and of history, it is inwardly unshaken and serene, religious in its confidence, miraculous in its hopes. Its foundation is something more constraining than experience and far more compelling than reason; for its foundation is an inner light, which for us is like a revelation, showing as in an apocalypse the common humanity of "all men." Americanism is a faith that men have died for, and that men are dying for today—whether it be a madness or divinity that hath touched them with it.

HARTLEY B. ALEXANDER.

International Trade Revolution

I—"Priority of Need"

AFTER ages will dispute whether the world war of the twentieth century was itself the cause of all the tremendous changes in social organization which became visible after its date, or whether some of these changes had been happening all the time, and were only brought into notice by the war. What, for instance, will they say about the momentous revolution that is to be expected in international trade?

At the moment, perhaps, we realize only the restrictions to which we are subjected. The iron hand of war is placing not only the citizens but also the manufacturers and traders of every country under severe and unaccustomed regulations. Whether we mine or manufacture, grow or prepare, export or import, transport or retail, in this country or in that, all the world over, we find ourselves everywhere limited by prohibitions and conditions which interfere not only with our profits but also with our processes. Neutrals suffer along with belligerents. Particularly those countries which depend to an unusual extent for their foodstuffs or their raw materials upon uninterrupted relations with other countries, and those used to produce largely for export, find the accustomed course of the trade by which they live drastically menaced. Some of these interruptions are the direct and obvious consequence of the military operations, and will cease as soon as the belligerent armies cease to fight. Others, however, are destined to endure for a longer period. The international regulation of commerce, which is now felt as unmerited suffering, has its beneficent side. What we now see only as an instrument of evil, or even of tyranny, may presently come to be recognized as the only means by which the world, and especially the inland peoples of Europe, can be saved from famine. And the regulation which has been caused by the military operations, and which will inevitably be continued in order to protect the world from starvation, is not destined altogether to pass away with the war or the world shortage. What lasting

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changes will the war make on the organization and the course of international trade?

First let us consider the continuance, beyond the declaration of peace, of that direct government control of imports and exports which has become the rule in nearly all the countries of the world. This continuance, not merely for a few months, but at least for a year or two, will be needed to prevent, in some countries, widespread unemployment and want, and in other countries actual famine. It will be insisted on, likewise, by each country, for the defense of its own industrial enterprises against the possibility of organized aggression by foreign commercial interests.

What is already troubling the statesmen of every country, neutrals no less than belligerents, is the practical certainty of there being, for some time after the war, a world shortage, not only in wheat and other principal food-stuffs, but also in nearly all the important raw materials. In spite of all efforts to maintain and to increase production, the aggregate wheat harvests of the world have been, year by year, falling behind the demands of the growing wheat-eating population; and the aggregate world stock is rapidly shrinking. The same is true with regard to meat and milk. The live stock has been, taking Europe as a whole, greatly reduced. All the markets of the world are being swept bare of substitutional food-stuffs. All the efforts at economy, voluntary and enforced, do not suffice to counterbalance the increased consumption and waste incident on transforming some thirty or forty millions of peasants and laborers into soldiers, who must be maintained in fighting energy; and on engaging perhaps twenty or thirty million other men and women at enhanced wages on the manufacture of all the requisites of war. Moreover, the food-exporting countries are ceasing to export. For one or other reason, it is to be expected that Russia, Rumania, and Hungary, and to a large extent, apart from supplying the needs of its own great expeditionary forces, even the United States, will, during the next year or two, drop out of the list of food-exporting countries. They will not have more than enough for their own people.

What is no less serious is that the shortage will extend to most of the raw materials needed for "reconstruction" and for the resumption of manufacturing production, on which the sixty millions of workers throughout the world now in arms or engaged in "war trades"—numbering, with their dependents, possibly one in seven or eight of the entire population of the globe—will depend for subsistence when the declaration of peace gives the signal for demobilization. Possibly the only useful commodity in which the world's productivity has been substantially increased during the war is steel. Owing to the absorption of miners by the armies the output of coal has largely diminished, together with that of most of the metallic ores. There will be the gravest shortage of oil and timber and hides and wool. The supply of cotton will be deficient.

This general world shortage of the principal commodities will be aggravated by the lack of shipping. The aggregate merchant shipping tonnage of the world may, at the end of the war, even with all the attempts at increased production, probably stand at not much more than two-thirds of the pre-war figure, whilst of that which survives a large proportion will be required for a year or two to supply the lingering expeditionary forces and to carry the millions of soldiers home. To aggravate the difficulty, nearly all the railways and roads of Europe will be in a terrible state of disrepair; and land transport will everywhere be slow, uncertain and unusually costly.

In face of such a situation all economic dogmas, and even all ideas of commercial aggression on other countries, shrivel up before the imperious need of national self-preservation. The world after the war, at least so far as Europe is concerned, will, for many long months to come, be in the position of a beleaguered city. There will not be enough to go round. It will be plainly impossible to revert immediately to the unfettered scramble of private enterprise that we call free trade. No government, belligerent or neutral, will feel able, the morning after peace has been declared, to dispense with the extensive controls that it has had to exercise over importing, exporting, manufacturing and distributing. No nation will be inclined, whatever may be the prices offered by others in more desperate need, to allow the export from its own territory of any commodity of which its own people may presently run short. On the other hand, every nation will be eager to increase its own exports, and therefore to obtain for this purpose a sufficiency of materials and coal, in order both to employ its demobilized millions and to pay for the imports of which it will be in want.

What policy of international trade does this impending world shortage indicate? Half a century ago the orthodox economists would have blindly relied on the "Law of Supply and Demand"; they would have said that where there was most scarcity prices would rise highest, and supplies would flow automatically whither they were most urgently required. Within each country the available commodities would similarly go to those who were willing to pay the highest prices for them, and must therefore be presumed to have the greatest need of them! Upon this argument food continued to be exported from Ireland throughout the great famine of 1847, because the starving Irish could not com-

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pete in " effective demand " with the wealthier British consumers. The economists now know better; and they are advising their governments that if, in the impending world shortage, distribution, either between nations or within each nation, is left to the " free play of economic forces," it will mean famine on a large scale. The richer nations, the richer classes within each nation, the richer families within each class, might continue to be fully supplied, at no greater inconvenience than increased payment. But the poorer nations, the poorer classes and the poorer families would be starved. What might be, as in a beleaguered city, no worse than a general abstinence, if systematic distribution were arranged, would be converted, if " let alone," into a famine so extensive as possibly to bring down society in ruin.

It is significant of the change which has come over both economics and politics that it is to the Labor and Socialist parties of Europe that the statesmen are indebted for calling attention to this impending peril; and that it is under their pressure that the heavily burdened governments—especially those of England and France—are beginning to give consideration to the organization that it will be necessary to apply to international trade for at least three years after the war. The shortage will probably be sufficiently great to demand that, as in a beleaguered city, the whole world should be placed on rations. This, so far as some of the principal food-producing countries are concerned (such, for instance, as the South American Republics, India and China), we have no machinery to secure, even if the habitually underfed millions of the east had anything to spare. Moreover, it would not be easy to put the Kansas or Iowa farmer on rations! But what could be established and what in spite of the strenuous opposition of the merchants and shipowners certainly will be established in one or other form—for the peril is imminent and unmistakable—is an international control of the world's export trade in the commodities of which we shall be short, and of the required marine transportation.

The British Socialists have very definitely demanded from the British government that this policy shall be adopted. The National Executive of the British Labor party submitted the following proposal to its great party conference on the tenth of last August, as one of the principal terms of peace; and the party conference, directly representing two and one-half million organized workmen (being, with their families, a quarter of the whole people of the United Kingdom) unanimously authorized it to be laid before the Conference of Socialist and Labor parties of the Allied Nations, and, eventually, the International Socialist and Labor Congress, whenever and wherever the governments may permit that to be held:

> That, in view of the probable world-wide shortage, after the War, of exportable foodstuffs and raw materials, and of merchant shipping, it is imperative, in order to prevent the most serious hardships, and even possible famine, in one country or another, that systematic arrangements should be made, on an international basis, for the the allocation and conveyance of the available exportable surpluses of these commodities to the different countries in proportion, not to their purchasing powers, but to their several pressing needs; and that, within each country, the Government must for some time maintain its control of the most indispensable commodities, in order to secure their appropriation not in a competitive market mainly to the richer classes in proportion to their means, but, systematically, to meet the most urgent needs of the whole community on the principle of " no cake for anyone until all have bread."

It will be seen that the organized workmen of England are insisting, not that England shall use its wealth and power to take all it can get, but distinctly, that the subject shall be made a matter for international control, so that each people may be supplied with all necessaries according to its needs. In this sane and sensible internationalism they look to be supported, not only by the American labor organizations but also by President Wilson.

What seems to be looming before us in the immediate future is an extension and a transformation of *La Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement* which the Allied governments have found it necessary to set up in order to coördinate their own international dealings; and of the corresponding organization which has been set up between the United States and the United Kingdom. We ought to secure the admission to this (possibly under the management of the Council of the League of Nations—or whatever may be the title of the Supernational Authority in which this war must issue), not only of all the countries lately belligerent but also of the neutrals. This Commission would temporarily control all export trade between nations (reserving to each its own coastwise and colonial trade), and claim the use of all beyond each nation's indispensable quota of merchant shipping.

The Commission would have to arrange for the deliberate allocation and conveyance to each country, out of the aggregate exportable surpluses, of whatever is required to supply the most urgent primary needs of all the countries, before the less urgent demands of any one among them can be allowed to be satisfied, whatever may be the pecuniary inducements offered to the contrary. Europe, in short, will after the war have to be fed, whoever pays for it, on the same principle that Belgium has been fed; though the grip at her throat will be no longer that of the Germans but that of a world shortage. The smaller nations, particularly those like Switzerland, Poland and Serbia which have no

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direct access to the sea, and no merchant fleets of their own, have the greatest interest in demanding and in upholding such an international regulation of trade. And within each nation the same principle of "priority of need," irrespective of "effective demand," will have to be enforced.

England itself, in spite of its wealth, will be short, for months and even for years, not only of wheat and meat but also of timber, bricks, building stone, builder's ironwork and all components of ships and houses (except steel). It is clear that England will not be able to restore its railways and factories, its schools and roads, let alone build the million new cottages that its demobilized army will need to return to, if the all too scanty building materials and building trades workmen are competed for by millionaires wanting new palaces, speculative capitalists eager to put up new hotels and theatres, or financiers anxious to make money by investing their capital in new constructional works abroad. The principle of "priority of need," under which practically all supplies are now regulated during war, will plainly have to be continued during peace. The hard facts are compelling the statesmen to see, as the British Labor party has declared, and as the economists have had to recognize, that the world must, at any rate for the period immediately following the declaration of peace, to a large extent be administered according to the homely axiom of "No cake for anyone until all have bread."

SIDNEY WEBB.

Prevention of Nervous Casualties

THIS war has forced upon those who direct medical policies of fighting forces the necessity of making special provision for nervous casualties. Prior to 1914 military organizations had been administered as though nervous and mental disease did not exist. No adequate means had been provided for preventing the potentially insane and those—a considerable proportion in every race and community—whom nervous instability renders useless to an army, from becoming a part of it. Except at the siege of Port Arthur, no special provision had been made for the rapid evacuation from the field and base hospitals of mentally invalided soldiers. Even today England is facing a perplexing administrative problem as to the disposal of the nervous casualties which, at the outbreak of the war, paralyzed her medical services, which still crowd her hospitals and constitute a considerable proportion of all discharges from the army.

General Sherman says in his memoirs—"The habit of entrenching certainly does have the effect of making new troops timid." This may account in a measure for the unprecedented frequency of the present war neuroses. But the reports from observers overseas show that "shell shock," a general term which includes the nervous casualties of this war, is found chiefly in those who might have been recognized beforehand as types of persons constitutionally incapable of long maintaining an impulse of aggression or withstanding the requirements of an expeditionary campaign. Some of them might be fit enough for useful service at home; but, sent abroad, soldiers destined to break down nervously spend more time in the hospitals than with their units.

"How long have you been in the army?" a nervous English soldier was asked. "Three weeks, Sir." "How often have you been on parade?" "Every day, Sir,—sick parade."

Surgeon General Gorgas has made special provision to meet these conditions abroad. But more important than that he is taking elaborate precautions to safeguard the vigor of the U. S. expeditionary forces by eliminating beforehand the nervously and mentally unfit. For this purpose, shortly after the declaration of war he added to the commissioned officers of the Medical Department two hundred and fifty qualified specialists in nervous and mental disease. Many of them, before assuming their strictly military duties, were detailed for special intensive study at the most active neurological and psychiatrical clinics of the country. Candidates for service at recruit depots, at officers' training camps, at the cantonments, are now being surveyed by these special officers with a view of determining, irrespective of the physical condition, whether or not the candidate is nervously unfit to be a soldier. The rate for rejections for nervous causes alone has varied among candidate officers, volunteers, drafted men, National Guard men, etc., between seven per thousand and fifty per thousand troops. In October alone over two thousand were rejected for these causes, which means, if they had been accepted and then invalided in France, four special five-hundred-bed hospitals would have been required to care for them in a region where beds will be precious.

The wisdom of this policy of exclusion may be questioned by those who believe that many young men physically fit but nervously disposed, had they been given a chance, would have developed into capable soldiers through the regularity, drill, outdoor life and freedom from previous habits of life; they believe that army life would do for them what it does for so many recruits physically sub-standard. There is nothing in previous medical experience to justify such a belief, and the reports of surgeons in Europe contradict it flatly.

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Others may question whether psychological medicine has reached a point where it can detect mental deviations from the normal which would escape any intelligent but not specially instructed observer; or define predispositions to nervous disease with sufficient certainty and accuracy to make recommendations in regard to it worth acting upon. There will be less doubt in these matters when the records of the present mobilization are available. Even now abundant evidence has accumulated to show that psychiatrists can and do recognize mental disease before it becomes generally manifest. For example, at a training camp for medical officers, a specialist was detailed for the purpose of forming an estimate of the mental state of the student medical officers. The detail seemed almost unnecessary, as the natural enough impression prevailed that the medical officers themselves would recognize and report to proper authority any of their number whose speech or behavior indicated unsoundness of mind. Such, however, was not the case. For within seven days of his arrival the specialist had shown that five members of the camp were too unsound mentally for the army.

In general the recognition of nervous types is less complex, less of a mystery, than it seems.

The lines that separate them from health and from each other, though difficult to define, are far from imaginary. It is true that the symptoms of mental maladjustments and disease lack the objective finality of those of physical disease. To recognize and evaluate them requires study and experience and intelligence—but it is not a supernatural realm, and a man may be a capable psychiatrist and still have no bonds with genius. To him types of personality become more or less clearly defined. Predisposition to nervous episodes are recognizable by certain combinations of physical and mental characteristics, together with the patient's own story and the way he tells it; and even the reaction to known sets of conditions can often be foretold with some accuracy. There are, for example, several well demonstrated types of persons who never have faced exacting situations without falling ill with one of the illnesses which no medicine cures. The illness is no less disabling because a situation brings it on and colors the symptoms of it. In the case of a young man suddenly slated for war, it seems like malingering, and at first is generally so considered; but rarely is it proved so. Forcing situations on these individuals seldom succeeds. Soldiers of this class can often face a firing squad with more self-possession than they have ever faced their own personal difficulties. It seems a long habit of evasion on the part of those constitutionally unable to look life in the face persistently. They all tell much the same story in much the same way. Sensitiveness, love of solitude, periods of depression, a sense of injustice, beginning in childhood and reacting to their disadvantage in the social adjustments in the family, in the school and later in broader contacts; and here and there, throughout their careers, occur periods during weeks or months, when they gave up and took care of their health, at home, abroad, or in sanatoriums. The illnesses which they fall into and which they themselves believe to be physical, are really the expressions of irresistible wishes to be away from what they have never succeeded in standing up to continuously—the present.

It is probable in this war that a wish to be out of it at sometime or other gets possession of every one. "This means home" were the last words of a young English officer, recognized as being the most daring and joyous in his regiment, as he was picked up with a shell wound in the chest. The man with a sound nervous system can keep such a wish in the background of his consciousness and go on determinedly, even gaily, to whatever is in store for him. But for the neurotic there is no such good fortune. He has never been able to and cannot now master the wish that has gained a constitutional hold on him. After a concussion or a gas attack, often without any such cause, he "blows up" in some such way as he has done in the past, and the worst of it is, unless he regains a grip on himself very promptly and that within the sound of the guns, he is an invalid until the end of the war.

There seems every reason to hope that the policy of the Surgeon General of the army in these matters will not only serve to strengthen our overseas forces but will leave to useful civil employments many young men who otherwise would, shortly after their arrival in France, have become invalid soldiers without wounds.

PEARCE BAILEY,
Major M. R. C.

Channel Sunset

Over the shallow, angry English Channel,
Clouds like cavalry masses
Gallop at a charge, dark tawny horsemen,
Towards the coast of Flanders.

The sun strikes out amid them
A shower of golden arrows;
They waver suddenly in mid-flight,
Break their ranks, stumble and fall,
And cover with scarlet eddies
The shallows of the sea.

But over their heads new masses yet come charging
Towards the coast of Flanders;
Towards the battle that is shaping,
The struggle of burning spears in the cold twilight.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

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To the Senate

WE stand at a moment of high decision—the highest we have faced since the war began—in the matter of the actual physical conduct of the war. The Senate is inquiring into the management of those parts of the War Department which purchase supplies. If this inquiry goes a certain way, it will mean much. If it goes a certain other way (and it seems likely to go there), it will mean nothing.

It will mean nothing, utterly nothing, if it results simply in the shifting of a few military men from one spot to another spot within the War Department and the army. Our legislators ought to see this. They do not. They want changes in personnel, certain changes. What will those certain changes do? Our new Quartermaster General, our new Chief of Ordnance, our new Chief of Coast Artillery, what will they be? So many new flies caught on the sticky surface, the glue, of our present War Department organization, dis-organization, horrible dis-organization, where they will buzz, where they will struggle, where they will succumb, failures against the Germans.

Take the best man in this whole country for Quartermaster General; make him Quartermaster General; with our present dis-organization, with our present General Staff, our present Secretary's office, our present War Industries Board, as now arranged and related, as now mal-arranged and mal-related, he will not come within months and months of delivering his best goods at his best speed.

How can he? The first thing any man must have in accomplishing any project is the project. He must know it. What is it? How many men are we going to call to the colors during 1918? How many men are we going to ship to France? What sorts of men? How many aviators? How many artillerymen? How many infantrymen and cavalrymen? At what dates? When will they be in their camps? Where? At what dates will they be shipped to France? When will they need their equipment? This item of it? That item of it? Delivered to their camps? Delivered to their ships? Sent after them to France? In what order? In what amounts? What is the project? What is the project in point of quantity, in point of time, chronologically stated, detailed, totaled, so that a man can grasp it and get it?

I charge that no such project exists. I charge that we have no project. We have no plan. We have no plan in any competent meaning of the word plan. We have no plan that is official throughout the War Department, no plan that is sanctioned officially and blindly by the General Staff and the Secretary and then executed officially and blindly by the purchasing bureaus, no plan that reaches in its detail and in its total even to the fall of this year.

What have we instead? Within each purchasing bureau we have purchasing officers and purchasing sub-officers making their own little guesses at what we are likely to need, perhaps, and making their own little estimates, and worming these estimates into the appropriation bills, and getting their own little varying plans left-handedly blessed by a half-way sanction from some individual committee of the General Staff, and then going ahead to find the manufacturers who can manufacture the things required and then arriving, in case after case, at the following situation:

"Here are my manufacturers. Many of them have been withdrawn from private work at great expense and after great trouble. They were manufacturing things which were not the things required by us for this war. They had to change over. They had to get new machinery. They had to get new sources of raw materials. They had to readjust their whole business. Now they are within a few months of finishing their contracts with me. Shall I let them go back to private work? They know now. They must look ahead. Are we through with them? To what extent are we through with them? To what extent are we going to keep them? What arrangements, for our benefit, for their benefit, for the benefit of the industry of the United States, must I now make with them for the operation of their factories for the rest of the year? What is our project? What is our plan? How many men? How much equipment? Where? For September 1st? For November 1st? For December 31st?"

He asks this question. Out of the depths of the Quartermaster Corps he asks it. He asks it of the men he sees flitting by his desk occasionally from the General Staff. They cannot tell him. At any rate, they do not tell him. The General Staff is the planning department of the army and of the War Department. Every business has to have a planning department; it has to have planning people. No plan, no success. The very beginning of administration is to know what there is to administer and to know it far enough ahead to be able to be ready for it as it comes. But the General Staff, far from being able to "supervise," cannot even "inform" that inquiring young purchasing sub-officer. We may have a certain number of men

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next fall or some other number, and we may need certain amounts and certain sorts of equipment or some other amounts and some other sorts. The General Staff does not know. The Secretary's office does not know. Or—what comes to the same thing—they will not tell.

What man can rise to his best and fastest in such circumstances? The Dennison Tag Company every winter knows precisely what "novelties" it is going to put on the market for the Christmas trade of the next winter. The government of the United States does not know the quantities and the qualities of the personnel and of the material it is going to put in the field next winter against the impending Teutonic masters of the world.

Whose fault is this? Whose can it be but Mr. Baker's? Mr. Baker knows what the General Staff is for. He showed that he knows what it is for when he made his most admirable decision maintaining and fortifying its powers, on paper. Why did he not man it with men capable of making a plan, a purchasing plan, an industrial plan? If he is against a Ministry of Munitions, if he is determined to manufacture munitions and all other war-supplies himself, why did he not put into his planning department a certain number of men capable, by training, by experience, of making a plan for manufacturing? In any case, there stood his planning department. In any case, he has got no plan out of it. In any case, he has failed, his organization has failed, his present form of organization has failed, at the thing which is the root of all other things—at fore-thought, fore-knowledge, prospective action fore-planned.

To say it cannot be done is really simply silly. For months now the British Ministry of Munitions has known the precise schedule of the munitions-requirements of the British War Office and of the British army for the whole of the year 1918. It is not only a nice thing to have. It is an absolutely primarily necessary thing to have. It not only might well be done. It must be done.

So this comes first, this planning, this "informing"; and next comes the "supervising," the driving, the accelerating. And there we find the Secretary's office. Or, rather, there we do not find it. Mr. Baker will soon be supervising the expenditure of money at the rate of some ten billions of dollars a year. What sort of office, central office, has he for that supervision, for that driving and accelerating, to the last spurt of speed that he can get out of his subordinates?

He has a half-dozen men, civilians, who can be regarded as his personal central office staff. They are occupied, most of them, with correspondence, with interviews, with labor disputes. And even if they were all occupied with driving the purchasing bureaus, what would they amount to? A manufacturer who was manufacturing three thousand barrels of nails a year might well have a larger driving "overhead."

For the rest, in the matter of driving, Mr. Baker has a Chief of Staff and his new "War Council."

The Chief of Staff, under our system, which makes him a conduit of correspondence between the General Staff and the Secretary's office and the Adjutant General's office, and which provides him with no adequate office force, is drowned in detail. I have known the Chief of Staff to spend his time on pamphlets which were to be distributed to drafted men in the interval between their summons to camp and their arrival there. In the midst of making an army out of nothing he was spending his time on pamphlets of exhortation. Besides which, the Chief of Staff knows nothing, and should know nothing, about purchasing, about industry. He is a "Line" officer. He is a military man, and should be, purely.

As for the "War Council," it has two parts, in personnel. First, there are bureau chiefs, like General Crowder, who, in their bureaus, have nothing to do with purchasing and who know nothing about purchasing. Second, there are ex-bureau chiefs who did, in their former bureaus, have charge of purchasing but who have been removed from purchasing because they failed to purchase with the rapidity considered desirable. The mere statement of the personal constitution of this "War Council" is sufficient, as a proof of its prospects, in the matter of driving for purchasing.

We therefore, in this matter, must fall back on the Secretary's office. If it contained twenty, thirty, of the best organizers in the United States, organizing and compelling and accelerating the purchasing bureaus, they would be busy from early in the morning till late at night. We have no such central organizing staff, with power. And so we find ourselves in this position:

We have no top-planners who plan comprehensively and we have no top-drivers who drive adequately and authoritatively; and then we actually hope to find a cure by setting up a War Industries Board of civilians who have the right, not to make the purchasing bureaus be quick, but to make them be orderly—not to whip and spur them but to "co-ordinate" them. It is almost as if one had no complete design for the assembling of a motor car and no accelerator pedal and then tried to make the thing go by means of a steering gear and a brake. And, accordingly, the War Industries Board, having been given a task which is genuinely more negative than positive, has allowed itself to develop, at certain points, into genuinely negative methods. The following incident, in varying

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forms, occurs with disheartening frequency:

A purchasing officer decides that he wants to make a certain purchase. He calls up the War Industries Board and talks to one of its committee. The committee consents. It writes a letter, consenting. Is that enough? Not at all. Now the Board itself must consider it. And after a day or two or longer the Board itself writes a letter saying that since the committee has approved it sees no reason for disapproving. Two consents! In addition to all the difficulties within the War Department, two extra consents from outside it!

The War Industries Board is an excellent thing. The General Staff is an excellent thing. Their functions are indispensable. But they need to be tied into a genuine scheme of things. The genuine scheme is not there.

Voices are raised in various quarters now to say that Mr. Baker should resign. They say it because of his mistakes about machine-guns. That was a special thing. Back of it is the general thing. Back of it is Mr. Baker's failure to provide himself with an organization worthy to be called an organization.

The Senate, if it does not wish to be trivial, if it wishes to be vital, has to say:

"Mr. Baker, resign or reform. Resign or reorganize.

"Give yourself a real planning department. For purchasing you might establish an Industrial Section of the General Staff. The present members of the War Industries Board might some of them make the beginnings of that Industrial Section. Somehow, get a planning department and a plan.

"And get a real driving over-head, in your own office.

"And take all these purchasing sections and subsections in these various purchasing bureaus and put them, all of them, or, at any rate, the most important of them, under one chief purchasing head, a man we can see, a man we shall know, topman, responsible. He ought to be an independent member of the Cabinet. Think that over. In any case, one man, *and a civilian!* The best French military men failed to be able to purchase and manufacture munitions for the French Army, and you know it, and do you think that American military men are better equipped than French military men? If you do, you have not yet waked up out of the complacency which made you delay that machine-gun test for six months in the apparent belief that somehow Americans could make armies and machine-guns over night. We know now that we cannot. We know now that we are only human beings and hard put to it to prove that we are even the equals of various other sorts of human beings on this planet. What French military men, infinitely better trained than our military men, were not equipped to do, our military men are not equipped to do. For head of purchasing and manufacturing, a civilian! Straight off!

"Mr. Baker, you are clever. You can think. Well, act. Stop sorting trifles and shuffling Generals and tinkering, and *re-build your department.*"

WILLIAM HARD.

In Praise of Dullness

A FRIEND of mine who reads The New York Times' editorial page has got into the habit of cursing its dullness. "Just listen to this," he snarls, without consulting my feelings, and then declaims half a column of that pious utterance which is now a commodity so well known. "It is not unreasonable to expect that . . . never renounced the achievement of the purpose which they have kept steadily in view since . . . authoritative voices . . . adhere with unshaken firmness . . . the very foundation principle." And so on. I listen, without comprehending. They are still fulfilling their destiny, these human counterparts of the lions outside the Public Library. Should we not be pleased?

When I was younger I believed that the object of language was always self-expression, with dullness a thing to be despised. Call a book or an article platitudinous, lumpy, dreary, and it seemed to me absolutely ruled out. I did not knowingly take my place with the infants who are bored by abstractions, the young ladies who pout that a book is "*too* tedious" the moment it taxes their brains. The objection was not to novelty, laboriousness, complicated or exalted thinking. Even to one of my confessed simplicity, strenuous reading was quite recognizable as a tough necessity of the game. But there is a strenuousness of climbing mountains and a strenuousness of plodding mud. It was the muddy road, the blurred mirror, the sodden dough, that seemed to me a needless affliction.

To acknowledge an error is not an easy duty, especially if the error was supercilious, but I gladly testify to having outlived my narrowness with regard to dull text. Time, as they say, has "supplied" experience and experience a sounder view. But in addition I feel that I have had exceptional opportunities of knowing and appreciating dull writers, and of correcting an opinion that sprang from the frivolity of youth. For those authors who have public importance, I once thought, the most valuable characteristics are clearness and force of expression. This is the major misunderstanding that my experience enabled me to correct. Among the Latins, vivacity may be tolerable to an extent scarce-

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ly comprehensible to us, but surely dullness is the prime requisite of our own important writers. Whether a man is preaching sermons to a blinkered congregation, or issuing a biography by request, or submitting a thesis, or delivering a speech to a chamber of commerce, or writing an editorial for the New York Times, the one important thing for him to remember is that it is not a human personality but a grave and reverend institution that he represents; and to preserve that institution, to keep it from showing its weaknesses, betraying its purposes, surrendering its authority, the chief art is to make the beadle manner serve every possible end. If the New York Times could sit in a temple and look bilious while you beat your head on the tiles, there would be no need of its striving to put the proprieties into words for you. But since a newspaper's business of being a great institution has to be worked out through the medium of language, nothing can be done without a special kind of pious mumbo-jumbo.

The technique of such editorials and speeches and sermons is nominally verbal, but the result is actually pure incantation, the object being to subdue the reader's perception so that he will only wake up in time to applaud. Few readers are so cocksure that they will accuse their official mentors of dullness. So long as an institution is powerful it is not the official who is blamed but the man who falls asleep. And this is a thing to be deeply desired.

It is to be desired because the main enemy of existing institutions is, beyond all doubt, the upstart intelligence of man. It takes years of perseverance to build up a religion, a trade, a standard of opinion. And are men to see their dear investments swept away by sudden gusts of perception or undermined by the nibbling criticism of malcontents? The protection of established principles requires above everything the organization and manifestation of dullness. When I cherish any conviction, for my own part, I rejoice to see a dull exposition of it. I know then that the soporific is probably acceptable, that intelligence is being smothered and my cause secured.

Once or twice I have met the greatest man in the United States. It was a surprise to find how lively he was, what a reckless and audacious gossip, what a free and racy critic, what a sophisticated man of the world. Never, could he help it, would he let that cat out of the bag. For years, very carefully, he had suppressed his peculiarly spicy personal opinions. He had built himself up, speech by speech, book by book, into an incontrovertibly platitudinous man. Taking his writings by the square yard, his dullness would easily rival the average dullness of a bishop—a much higher percentage of dullness than his sharp faculties decreed. If there had been any chance for him to be publicly "bright," I am sure he would have jumped at it. But he was much too persistently representative, too popular in his considerations, even to have displayed the unpardonable sinfulness of a wanton critical intelligence. And there was seldom an issue he wished to avoid which he could not serve up in dully edifying discourse, pouring out a great many well arranged words without saying anything to the point. He lacked, however, that oozy sanctimonious tone which makes the dullness of the New York Times so perfect. If he could have managed that, as Gladstone managed it, his triumph would have been beyond space and time.

Why is a dull finish so important that a clever man will struggle for it? Because, I suppose, it gives assurance of a strong character fixed in principle where a quick wit suggests experimentalism and fatal facility. It is not that those who favor dullness desire stupidity. There is a stupidity of radicalism as well as a stupidity of conservatism, and no one who is fair will insist that radicalism is synonymous with intelligence, or experiment with improvement. Many changes have been stupidly advocated in our times, and intelligently opposed, but the thing to be noted is that the style of the opposition is invariably permeated with a morally impressive dullness. The choleric red and thick lumpy goldness of an opera house are not more appropriate than the sobriety and opacity of institutional pronouncements. The principle is, be dull and you'll be good.

The dullness of certain clergymen, it is urged, is the supreme exhibit to be found among classes that ordinarily decline to be criticized. The dullness of professors, it seems to me, has a superior claim. If you compare religious periodicals and professors' periodicals you may conclude that the religious are more tediously specialized, but you cannot resist the belief that for concentrated dullness the professors have the equipment to be first. In sociology, philology, history, philosophy, economics, psychology, they have shown how the brazen pots of the universities can shatter a poorer humanist pottery. Whatever chance there was for the incendiary brain of mankind before professors organized dullness, there is practically none at present. This dullness in education is the last word in the conspiracy against intelligence and puts existing institutions almost out of harm's way.

It is a fine art, dullness. All of us are its involuntary practitioners but some of us are conscious. And no one who loves yesterday and the unearned increments from yesterday can fail to see that, in its judicial evasiveness, its reticence, its muffled solemnity and pretentiousness, dullness continues to be yesterday's warmest friend. F. H.

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CORRESPONDENCE

In Justice to Mr. Vanderlip

SIR: As a member of the State War Savings Committee of Ohio may I not protest against the stricture upon Chairman Vanderlip's use of a private car in his tour of organization? The vehicle, as I happen to know personally, is a valuable utility, there being housed in it the Chairman's necessary clerical staff, which transacts daily a voluminous amount of business. Early in the month there was arranged at Cincinnati a meeting of the state and county war savings committee chairmen from West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky and lower Indiana with the national director. It was during the blizzard and many hardships were encountered by the committeemen in reaching the Cincinnati headquarters. Mr. Vanderlip spoke the day before in Pittsburg to the Pennsylvania workers, and his train was caught in the Ohio drifts. This caused him to miss a meeting with five hundred bankers and large business men set for the noon hour. Continuing delay threatened the success of the official gathering. Railroad officials solved the difficult problem by sending a switch engine up the line, detaching Mr. Vanderlip's car from the train and bringing it into Cincinnati in time to permit him to fill his engagement and to speak to twenty-five hundred residents of that city in Music Hall. At midnight he was on his way to St. Louis carrying a budget of important details which his clerks took up on the following morning. Without the private car these things would have been impossible. In addition, the expense would have been greater.

JAMES W. FAULKNER.

Columbus, Ohio.

A Frenchman to America

SIR: Since you want me to write to you as I did last May, since you wish to have an opinion from a Frenchman on the condition of our common affairs, I will write. But how much has happpened since last May!

We were agreed, you remember, in expecting much of the spiritual forces which the Russian revolution and American intervention combined were to bring to this war. We were agreed, too, in thinking that no serious military result was to be expected from the two or three divisions that you were preparing to send to France—merely, as I took it, that your flag might be seen there. But you went further than I did, if I am not mistaken: you said that the forces of opinion, the spiritual forces, were going to get the upper hand of the armed forces, that these last would no longer be anything but a complement to the spiritual forces which were alone really powerful, alone really effective. What an array of errors, and all arising from this unreal liberalism which we shall never, as I plainly see, altogether banish from our hearts and brains.

Io ch'avea la testa d'érror cinta.

Our great philologist and positivist philosopher, Littré, towards the end of his life, on the morning of the War of 1870, often repeated this line of Dante. How many others may repeat it after him, and like him bow their heads because they have made the grave mistake of taking their hopes for forces! Our fault was twofold: On the one hand we over-estimated the spiritual force of the revolution, on the other we misunderstood the real force of this war.

First fault: we appraised falsely the contribution of organized Socialism. It is, for that matter, difficult to appraise: The Socialist party has the impenetrable quality common to all churches. One may live close to it, even live with it, yet never really know it. One does not know exactly what are the nature and the objects of this disciplined mass which, when it encounters an eloquent, an eminent leader like Jaurès, makes use of his voice without giving heed to his counsels, and when it has no leaders, seems to travel forward under the impulsion of some mysterious force of its own. We are inclined to consider Socialism at bottom and always as the ally, the brother, of the liberal and humanitarian movement which came out of the nineteenth century. This disposition exists in us because we are not Socialists. Socialism is sometimes an ally, but it always reserves its judgment, is always prepared to fail us; at this moment it is failing us in certain directions, and in certain other directions threatens to fail us.

Perhaps you thought us timid to refuse to recognize the Stockholm Conference. You may have felt that a genuine opportunity was lost. I do not believe so: Germany which was untouched by the contagion of the Russian revolution, would not have been reached by a Congress. Germany which has been able to manoeuver the Russian revolution, would have had no trouble in manoeuvring a Congress. Do keep in mind that a Socialist Congress is a machine as well ordered, as implacable as a council held in the Vatican. The speeches are all arranged for—their order and their length; each of them is translated into three languages as soon as it is pronounced. There is no possibility of vigorous, living discussion. The votes are arranged for like the speeches; they are anonymous and agreed upon in advance. Bulgaria has a vote which balances the vote of France. Turkey has a vote which balances England's. Poland has a vote—Socialist and Germanized Poland—which balances and annuls the vote of Belgium. The international Socialist party united at Stockholm would have refused to examine the responsibilities for the War; it would have published a doctrinal anathema against the capitalist power and the war, it would have aroused in the minds of the working classes a disturbance which would have been profound and ill controlled among the Allies, superficial and powerfully controlled among the imperialists. It would have hastened the Russian collapse, and aggravated the Italian defeat. Let us not regret it.

Let us try never to forget that Socialism is for liberalism an ever doubtful ally. It has not the passion for liberty, it has not the passion for nationality, it has no passion, no instinct save for the struggle against the bourgeois class. It has, at this moment, the instinct that, whoever may be the victor, this war is preparing for it a very great future. It is impatient for the peace which will allow it to begin to gather its harvest, to store away at last the fruit of so much suffering. It is almost prepared to neglect, as a fact of secondary importance, whether it must do its harvesting under German guidance or under some other. Its thought is elsewhere. It is moreover made up of masses who have the habit of being dominated, and one domination more leaves it unamazed.

The most penetrating of modern Germans, Friedrich Nietzsche, used often to speak with a sort of scornful sympathy of the Socialist party which disciplines the masses, which gives a doctrinal form to their herd instincts and thus

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fashions a sort of pedestal of which some military aristocracy might eventually take advantage to raise itself to power. This is a view as strange as it is profound, and Prussia is behaving today as if it were her aim to make the prophecy a reality.

I am trying to realize the hidden and subterranean mines over which we are advancing, for it is constantly in my thoughts that we must not desert the Socialists, that we must not let Prussia alone seek and win the supports of the revolutionary currents. Prussia is speculating on the desire for immediate peace, she knows how to utilize suffering. Are we then incapable of making the multitudes feel the horror of a servitude imposed by one race on all the other races, the horror of a future where humanity would be wholly and systematically caught in an endless series of wars? What then is the cause of the sterility of your propaganda of ideas?

Its cause is not far to seek: it arises from our military defeats. Prussia promises, and her promises are mean, but she gives them reality by her victories. As for our promises, what beginning of reality can we give them? Everything brings us back to this elementary fact, that in war it is necessary to win and never to fear being too much the victor. To fight with this fear in one's mind is to diminish one's force, to paralyze it, to meet defeat half-way. Do you think that an uncertain victory, that a weary peace would bring us closer to justice? There is no connection between justice and uncertainty, between justice and weariness. To be just one must be free, to be free one must be strong, thus it is essential to be victorious, always victorious. No doubt, to obtain victory is not everything; one must know how to turn victory to good use. If, for instance, we had been victorious, we European Allies: Frenchmen, Russians, Italians, Serbians, Rumanians, Greeks—I believe that we should not have known how to transform our victory into a stable European order. Our political strategy was to rouse against German nationalism all the little nationalisms that make up the populace of Europe. How should we have gone about it to appease these fanaticisms and bring them to order? Here, no doubt, Great Britain would have exercised a wise influence. In Great Britain's history we find something that Europe knows not; overwhelming victories consecrated by just peaces. She crushed the French Canadians, the Boers, and then she freed them. But would she have been able to restrain her victorious allies? I have always doubted it, I still doubt it.

Today the situation is quite other. The peoples are still on their feet, and they are still fighting. But their pride is broken, and you, Anglo-Saxons, will have authority to bring peace about. I cited just now the classic example of the English peace, but your history provides something similar, it provides the most memorable perhaps of all such examples. I am thinking of your Civil War which has so many points of likeness with our great war. For Germany has seceded from humanity, and the question is: Shall we succeed in bringing her back into the common law? I am thinking of your peace which was so fine, so sane, so liberal, which so quickly restored to your continent all its promised happiness. But before pacifying, you conquered, you threw to earth the adversary whom you had the virtue not to crush. It is always thus. Victory is necessary to us today, as the tragic road, the straight and narrow path of a great historic realization. Happily your President has a sure instinct; he never thought that it would be sufficient to send a few decorative divisions to Europe, but at once decreed that he would arm and send abroad all the men whom he could arm and despatch.

Your countrymen when they come to us, say often with an ardor and a friendliness that move us: "How can we help France?" The question amazes us, so obvious does the answer seem: "To save France you must send soldiers." And they know it full well. But your countrymen, still absorbed by their habits, by their memories of peace, think of the children and of the tuberculosis patients to be saved, and the farms to be rebuilt. They think of them and they set to work upon them, they accomplish a good which we were neglecting to accomplish. All the same it is we who are right at bottom with our exclusive preoccupation. What matter if our children are saved if they must live in servitude? Not an ounce of material should cross the Atlantic that is not destined either to the rigorously measured feeding of our people, or to the ample needs of the war machine that you are in the act of constructing in our midst.

The hour is a tragic one for us: our very existence is at stake. For you the hour is grave: your whole future, your whole culture is in the balance. Let us together make the last effort, let us struggle to prolong the sufferings of Germany, to prolong them for such a space that the peoples which were beginning to let themselves be tempted by the imperial peace, will at last realize that it is a delusion and turn away from it with violence, and help us to overthrow it.

DANIEL HALÉVY.

Paris, December 1st, 1917.

The South and Suffrage

SIR: In replying to my letter about a women's suffrage amendment, Elizabeth Langhorne Lewis appears to have been somewhat misled by the title you affixed to it, for which I am in no wise responsible. I did not, in my letter, ask, "Would the South let them?" nor did I mean to suggest that the southern states would unlawfully prevent white women from voting. I contended that the South "would nullify the new amendment, as it has nullified the former ones, and the North would again tacitly consent." My meaning was, that the new amendment would be nullified in its application to colored women.

Whether the educational and other qualifications imposed by southern states can "rightly be regarded as nullification" depends on the real purpose for which they were imposed and the manner in which their provisions are enforced. The "grandfather clauses" of a number of these states—which, by the way, the United States Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional—show that their educational and other tests are intended only for discrimination against colored persons. But, without as well as with a "grandfather clause," it is possible to impose these tests rigidly on black men, and laxly or not at all on whites. Lest your correspondent think I speak out of provincial ignorance and prejudice, I would refer her to an article on Negro Suffrage in the American Political Science Review for January, 1906, written by John C. Rose of Baltimore, Md., then United States attorney and now United States Judge, in which he says that the white people of the South "feel that the Fifteenth amendment had no moral sanction and is not binding on their consciences." He for his part does not advocate a rigid enforcement of the amendment. The people of the North generally are, like Judge Rose, inclined to be lenient on this matter, not because they think the southern states are acting within their constitutional rights, but because a rigid enforcement of the Fifteenth amendment might do more harm than good.

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Now if a women's suffrage amendment were passed, it, because of the Fifteenth amendment, would have to grant the vote to colored and white women equally. But it is obvious that the South would nullify this feature of the new amendment, and in all probability the North would again tacitly consent.

In speaking of the South as "solidly against" women's suffrage, I was considering the states as units. Your correspondent, I dare say, is quite correct in contending that there is a considerable minority sentiment in some of those states, in favor of votes for women. But the states as states must pass on a constitutional amendment, and the southern states are at present solidly against this proposition.

I hope the time will come eventually, when the South will turn of its own accord to women's suffrage, and find a proper and constitutional way of applying it. But I do not see how that time can come before racial conditions change or the Fifteenth amendment is repealed.

JOSEPH CADY ALLEN.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Stirring Our Mystic Affluence

SIR: In New York, during the last month, two events have taken place which are closely related to each other and of very real moment to the growth of humanistic relations between France and America.

The opening of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, under Jacques Copeau's leadership, and the publication of Young France and New America are pioneering steps toward a new age vitally beautiful in their prophecy. They are events that stir the imagination, but they are also steps as practical as they are creative. The troop of actors on Thirty-fifth Street, the groups of poets, artists, philosophers, militant for life in the pages of de Lanux, share splendidly with their trench-comrades in France the battle for the new civilization. Equally they stand—gallant, resourceful, close-beset—on the verge of a crucial world moment that calls for our own American zest and comradeship in the common task.

Now, not to be postponed, is the decisive moment, for brains as well as bombs. "How shall we set to work," writes de Lanux, "we and our friends? For from the day that peace is declared, all those energies that are now diverted to the work of death and destruction will be clamoring to take up life's work in full measure, without losing a moment. We shall merit small thanks from those who are fighting if we have made ready nothing against their return save shouts of joy. *It is their right to expect more than that of our foresight.*"

What, then, shall our foresight be? Political, industrial, economic—of course. But of these aspects only? Or must not these fundamentally involve a foresight—artistic, ethical, philosophic?

The volume of de Lanux answers with affirmation, and sketches with finely poised enthusiasm definite suggestions for an alliance of spiritual readiness. "More and more," writes this French poet, "we are going to see morals becoming 'a branch of æsthetics.' This formula, which would have scared the moralists of the Victorian epoch, does not even surprise us to-day."

Copeau and de Lanux are workers of "Young France" who come to "New America" with foresight for art.

It is for the dramatic critic, the literary reviewer, to comment on their qualities as theatre artist and as writer. But there is, beyond their own special gifts, a gift more profound and impersonal, which these French artists bring as touchstone for our own response. They bring us a very thrilling thing: they bring us a challenge—a challenge to create.

They say to the fellowship of America: "Will you welcome us with what we bring—not for our own sakes merely, but for your own? Will you see in these plays—these poets, artists, thinkers of France, of whom we offer you these glowing glimpses, creative spirits of a world in which we ardently desire you to share and coöperate? Yet do not, we beg, be students of these works for a language sake, for 'education's' sake, for the sake of cultural authority or doctorate degrees; not for knowledge of them as an end—but as a beginning: the beginning of an interchange of nobler sympathy based in knowledge—an understanding which we seek of you as simply and sincerely as we offer it."

So through these artists, and other kindred channels, France begins in this spirit to offer us—newly quickened out of her ancient heart—a thing alive and organic, instead of that thing mechanical and galvanized, which for too long the moulders of American youth imported from the forges of Frankenstein. And the difference between her culture and that Kultur is the difference between life released and life stagnant—between a builder's tool and a prisoner's handcuff.

That culture of modern Germany, being mechanical, could be imported and superimposed; but the culture of France, being imaginative, is impossible to import in that sense; for its function is not competition but liberation; its will is not to dominate, but to stimulate; it is never a substitute, but a leaven. Here is a culture which seeks here always a great philosophy; and "a great philosophy," said Pêguy, "is not a dictation."

Therefore we may give it our welcome freely. So, with self-integrity, we may accept its challenge—to coöperate. Unfettering and unfettered, we may take and give in mutual devotion to a world ideal, in which no function of freedom shall be atrophied. And who shall say, in such creative fellowship, that America shall not give as proudly as she takes; and who will care much, seeing that the common impulse will be to share in creating?

Indeed the fecundity and mystic affluence of America were never more profound than now in their organic stirrings. These we name "new" and "young," meaning—unquenchably alive.

So, as an American, this I feel sure of: To attend Copeau's theatre, to read de Lanux's book, and—while doing either—to listen deeply to the reaction of one's own mind and heart—is to share in the glad resurgency of Young France and New America.

PERCY MACKAYE.

Washington, D. C.

Human Rats

SIR: I have read with considerable interest, and more amusement, the articles on Housekeeping, the High Road to Intellectual Decay; and I find myself at last incapable of keeping quiet on the subject, in spite of all my intelligent inhibitions, native and acquired. The first thing I should like to do is to call to the attention of the gentle participants in this most grave debate a story told by some eminent western educator whose name I have unfortunately forgotten. To my mind it completely exhausts the subject of intellectual development. There was once a man who

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trained rats. Some one asked him what his theory of instruction was, and how he proceeded to impart any particular information to any particular rat. His answer was, "Well, I can teach a rat what the rat can learn; and if I get hold of a rat that is a d——n fool, I can't teach him anything." That answer epitomizes perfectly the dealings of the great teacher, life, with us poor human rats. I'm not attempting to dispute the fact that there is such a thing as intellectual decay—speaking from my own personal experience, I am quite in a position to realize that it does occur. But it is my firm conviction that in any mind in which the germs of decay are latent, decay will ultimately appear, regardless of the sex, color, or condition of servitude of the mind's owner; and in any mind in which the seeds of growth can find nourishment, there will be finally a rich blossoming of insight and philosophy. And I think it is usually true that the most exquisite flowering of intellect comes only to a mind that has despaired of temporal happiness, and turns to the contemplation of ideals and abstractions because it has no more obvious and easily attainable goal.

I should like to tell the embittered and thwarted homekeeper of the most brilliant, most interesting woman I ever knew. If I did not so tremble in the face of the anti-gambling injunction, I would make a reasonably fat bet that the Embittered Homekeeper's experiences would look tame to her, if she could get a panorama of this woman's work. She not only did all the work for a family of five—and that means *all*—washing, ironing, baking, canning, cooking, dressmaking, and the thousand and one unlisted tasks that haunt the "leisure" hours of mothers; but she frequently added extras to her already crowded program, in the shape of hanging paper, making soap, salting pork, milking the cow, and shoveling ashes, ad lib. There were maybe fifteen years in her life in which, if drudgery could cause mental stagnation, her mind should have become a sort of intellectual frog-pond. It did nothing of the sort. If you should see her today, you would see a woman witty and gay, of wide sympathy, well known and respected in the community where she has lived, as a leader of thought. She was never too tired, or too busy, to read good books, and to think fearlessly—which fact explains why she did not deteriorate.

The second point that impresses me is that the Embittered Homekeeper is not a good sport. She whines. For so many, many people, women especially, life is a trap. If you get caught in the trap, two courses are open to you—to whine, or not to whine. I think it is prettier not to whine—besides, your whining, if it be sufficiently lugubrious, may add to the discomfort of your trapped neighbor, who was already, perhaps, more painfully situated than you. Even if the trap pinches pretty tight it is wholesome and well bred to reflect that there are thousands of others whose paws, perhaps, ache worse than yours. I am a teacher. A great deal of my work I loathe; but I am honest enough to admit that there are rare moments when it is charming, and never, never to forget that I draw good money for what I do. I have also sufficient breadth of view to perceive that in the working out of the Universal Plan it doesn't really signify whether I am bored or not bored. Who am I, and what have I done, that the world owes me anything? If it permits me to indulge in my favorite unchristian wishes, unrebuked, perhaps that is more than I have earned. I have so many impious prayers—but the most heathenish of all is this: I wish with all my heart that all women in the position of the Embittered Homekeeper, who cherish unappeased longings for mental growth, might be sentenced to membership in the highly intellectual calling of the teacher; that they might be dowered with a natural tendency towards being bored, with an acutely sensitive taste in literature, and then set to ten years' steady work, grading the stupid themes of stupid high-school children. What they would have to say at the end of that time about Mental Decay would be something rare, and highly flavored, too, I can well believe.

Most useful work *is* drudgery, unalleviated. Much of every day life *is* boredom except when you have a fairy in you that tells you lovely things to think of, when all your world is dreary. So let us be thankful, let us wield our pens joyously and with much splashing of ink, because these little scraps of the sorrows of the mentally degenerate have come to lighten our gloom. They are as delightful reading, to me, at least, as the Heart History of the Fiancée of a Thug would be—and that's saying a lot.

C. W.

Brockport, N. Y.

How Much to Contribute

SIR: I was much interested in your article, How Much Ought One to Contribute? It seems to me that as the voluntary enlistment of men was a failure and is now generally considered to be unfair so is the voluntary enlistment of money unfair and perhaps doomed to failure. But if the government considers it impossible or ill advised to conscript money some such plan as is mentioned in the article should be worked out and used by propagandists in Liberty Loan, Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. campaigns. I agree that incomes form the only fair basis for contributions. As the government has imposed a wide income tax and most people will know within a short time just what their tax will amount to, would it not be possible to pro rate contributions to income tax paid? Then for instance, every man would know how many one hundred dollar Liberty Bonds he should take out of every billion offered for every ten dollars that he has paid as income tax. In like manner he would know what his fair contribution should be for every million asked by the Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. A budget could be prepared and everyone would know what would be expected of him.

J. Barr.

Redmond, Oregon.

Advice to Prudence

SIR: Apropos of the difficulty in which Emily James Putnam's friend Prudence finds herself, I wonder if the best way out wouldn't be to have the boy study the classics, as a certain professor of Greek is said to have done, "chiefly in Leipzig and Bohn." It is true that in Leipzig he might be brought into dangerous proximity to the classic spirit; but no doubt he would find it permeated, as Treitschke assures us Goethe's Iphigenie is, "by a sentiment of loving gentleness such as was never understood by the hard-headed heathen of antiquity." If, on the other hand, Leipzig is thought to be at present impracticable, and the decision is to be in favor of translations, why then I think Bohn should be seriously considered; for in Bohn the boy would have the advantage of translations in which the real meaning (this I have on good authority) is sufficiently mediated to meet all the requirements of the case.

Carl Becker.

Ithaca, New York.

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After the Play

WHEN I think of Twelfth Night, and try to remember as one all the performances of it that I have seen, something like this is the composite picture: Lines of the loveliest poetry in Shakespeare, one of his loveliest heroines, a half-tragic Malvolio, a setting of horseplay. A tedious clown, anxious lest we miss even his most elaborate joke, speaking everything with finger-on-nose slyness, with the same devastating emphasis. Sir Toby Belch, making me laugh out loud no matter who plays him. At Sir Andrew Aguecheek I should laugh louder if his squeak were less monotonous. I could wish Malvolio were not played by a Star—oughtn't the whole of a painting to be inside its frame? Is Twelfth Night really a play made of two circles, one with Malvolio and the other with Viola at its centre, centres so far apart that the circumferences barely meet? This actress speaks the blank verse well, and Viola is still Viola even if the actress cannot forget she is a Star. And then there are always the songs. Perhaps it's true that Shakespeare did put in so many just because the company happened to include a clown who could sing. What of it? I wish he had put in more. Why the devil do they have such palatial scenery? Perhaps it would have been no better if they had spent less money on it. It would certainly have been worse if they had spent more. That's one consolation. However, no matter what they do they cannot spoil Twelfth Night. John Masefield was absolutely right. It is the happiest and one of the loveliest of Shakespeare's plays.

No stage-director can turn Twelfth Night into a whole, can make it severely one, can give it the unity we feel in Oedipus the King, Othello, Bérenice or Rosmersholm. No wise stage-director would try to. M. Jusserand's description is too near the truth for such a feat to be possible: "With all its 'errors,' its young girl disguised as a eunuch, who is taken for a page, confounded with her brother, whom a lady wants to marry, who finally marries the duke; with all its romantic adventures, Twelfth Night is chiefly filled—with filling: jokes played on the simple-minded steward Malvolio, fooleries of ridiculous knights, clownеries of the professional fool; the whole as different as possible from French taste, but highly relished, for its merriment, by London audiences; the play had, possibly on account of those practical jokes and caricatures, a success which endures still." Jacques Copeau has not tried to give Twelfth Night at the Vieux Colombier a oneness which it has not. What he has done, so far as I am concerned, is to give me, instead of a Twelfth Night of poetry and horseplay, put side by side and not put together, a Twelfth Night of gaiety and wonder, composed into a picture. Copeau's Twelfth Night is a cunning blending of elements not easily blended. It is harmonious, gracious, almost suave. Nowhere is so much made of any part as to take our attention away from the whole. There is nowhere an excrescence, an excess. Copeau's is an infinitely agreeable and happy Twelfth Night, the most agreeable I have seen. It is also a little subdued. Malvolio is no longer outside the picture. Sir Toby and his friends riot in a minor key. Wonder and charm are what is left of the enchantment and music we remember in the words spoken by Viola and the Duke.

I imagine Copeau reading Twelfth Night again and again, at first in the wise passiveness of "the still, extended mind," brooding over it, waiting for it to delineate itself upon his imagination, coaxing it to reveal its particular enchantment, never asking what opportunity it gives him to abound in his own sense. I imagine him watching and listening until it has told him and shown him what he wants to do, and turning next, when he is sure of his purpose, to the other part of his creative act, the expressive part, choosing from the means at his disposal, voices, attitudes, gestures, colors, lines, the best means of making us see and hear in Twelfth Night what he has heard and seen. Naturally I do not mean that the two stages of his creative act are really so distinct as this. In all the arts except architecture creators are rare whose vision and execution are so thoroughly separate. No doubt M. Copeau begins here and there the work of expressing before the work of seeing is over, no doubt his expressive processes give him now and then a fresh eye for the play. What most differentiates his result from that of other stage-directors whose Twelfth Nights I have seen, is that while they were thinking first of all and all the time of chances for stars, scene-painters, costumers, favorite minor actors, of the play as a means, Copeau thinks always of the play as the end, and of everything else as the means. Such a difference in purpose would count enormously in favor of any stage-director, even if his mastery of his material were imperfect. With Copeau, whose mastery of his material really is mastery, the single wish that Twelfth Night should give pleasure at the Vieux Colombier is accomplished by a series of simple pictures which are a delight to our undistracted eyes, and by the best acting I have even seen in Twelfth Night. The clown's postures and motions laugh with a laughter the twentieth century can no longer hear in his words. Mademoiselle Suzanne Bing's Viola is a woman who does not forget her human relations to the other men and women she meets in Illyria. She is a creature of humor and wonder and grace, her whole body wonders when she listens, the wonder that is the heart of romance is heard in her voice, and it is in her eyes that her smile ends its song.

At the Vieux Colombier as everywhere else, Malvolio tells us a good deal about the directing mind of the performance. How ought Malvolio to be played? What kind of value ought he to have in the picture as a whole? We don't know what Malvolio signified to Shakespeare. To most people in Shakespeare's audiences Malvolio probably meant what he means in the play to Maria and Sir Toby and Fabian. When did the modern fashion set in of giving him a greater and deeper significance, of making him a moving and rather tragic figure? I don't remember, but it was earlier than 1796, for in that year died an actor whom Charles Lamb praises in the part, and who played Malvolio as a man not without nobility, not incapable of tragic experience. Here we have our dilemma: Played in this way, Malvolio falsifies all the values of Twelfth Night. Played as I suppose he was in Shakespeare's time, as if for an audience of Fabians and Marias, he would lead us to accuse Shakespeare of callousness. At the Vieux Colombier I felt as if I were invited to see him through Olivia's eyes and the Duke's, to look at him with all their kindness and respect, and with rather more attention than these persons of gentle will have time to spare from their own happiness. It is in a picture of happiness that M. Copeau has set Malvolio, and it is as a subordinate person, whose undue self-importance flowers on a sudden into absurdity, that M. Gournac plays him. I have seen him played by stars who seemed to regret that he could not be as important in the play as he fancied himself to Olivia.

Q. K.

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John Morley

Recollections, by John Viscount Morley. New York: The Macmillan Co. Two vols. $7.50.

THE nineteenth century is remarkable for the many distinguished men of letters who rose to political eminence. Stahl is hardly less famous as a jurist than as the translator of his theories into the practical terms of administration. Guizot invented scientific history for France, even while he sought to deprive her of her liberties. If de Tocqueville's political career was a failure, it has left us three volumes of superb incisiveness. Disraeli is an outstanding example of the combination of political power with literary ability; and no one who desires to understand his time dare leave unread his sparkling comment upon its problems. It is to a group of men not less distinguished than this that Lord Morley belongs. It has been his good fortune, hardly, perhaps, less than our own, to enrich both the practice and the literature of liberalism. As a political critic, he is one of the few writers in England in the nineteenth century who can challenge comparison with the great French masters. As a statesman, he stands as the embodiment of generous practice alike in Ireland and in India. His book comes as an event hardly less in the political field than in the world of letters. We have reached a moment in history where we must take stock of fundamental conceptions. We need, and badly need, the cumulative wisdom of all who have thought at all deeply about high affairs of state. To have the thoughts of one who has brought to such consideration the maturity that comes from constant kinship with the great minds of all ages is an occasion almost as much for silent gratitude as for criticism. There are many of us, not less in America than in England, to whom Lord Morley has been in a real sense the master. He has become for our generation what John Stuart Mill was to his own time. We have looked to him for the defense of great liberal principles, for the elaboration of the philosophy by which they are informed. He has given us sonorous sentences that come to bring comfort at times of crisis and despair. He has afforded stimulus by a vivid example of private generosity and public honor. In a calling where nothing is easier than to test affairs by the dangerous touchstone of expediency, he has held on high the lamp of great principles. It is a noble and a moving record.

The book is essentially a simple one. There is absent from it the personal, eager fling of definiteness that made de Tocqueville's Memoirs the pleasantest of arm-chair comforts. It has about it much of the austerity of his own nature—the temper of a man who drew the warmth he had from the stately flames of Comte and Mill. It has nothing of the almost dazzling splendor that made of Meredith, to whom he gives some shining pages, a comet across the sky. The intimate things that we would know of every man who has lived greatly are absent. The easy play of daily life is nowhere here—save perhaps in a certain sweet complacency, as of one who has found life to the end a well of rich interest. It is the revelation of life in its two deepest interests that Lord Morley offers—what he has known of literature and of politics. It is the portrait of the world as it dawned upon the vision of one who gave his days to thought; and curiosity is stilled at the deliberate reservation. It is, perhaps, a book that a thinker of our own generation would hardly write. The perspective now is shifted; and the questions to which our age will be summoned to make answer demand new logic and new terms. Yet, as Malouet said to Napoleon, principles are not subject to the law of change; and by some, at least, of the stars Lord Morley has hitched his chariot to we shall seek to shape our courses.

He has been a liberal of Mill's school. The creed by which his action has been formed is, above all, insistence that it is to the test of reason we must bring our problems. There is stern distrust of that element of passion to which Disraeli would have reduced political conflicts. It is to liberty above all that he has been steadfast—alike in state and church. It has perhaps been in some sort the negative liberalism of Mill's great essay, a liberalism that, at moments, has failed conspicuously to see the truth of Acton's great dictum that political power is the handmaid of economic power. Born in the age when the foe was the political privilege of church and aristocracy, it has too slowly reshaped itself to fit the social questions that confront us. It has been over-timid of positive intervention, even if, in the patient irony of historic processes, its distrust of the state has found a justification it did not know. But, events apart, its insistence that the secret of political good is to be found in the welfare of the human mind, has still a lesson for our day. It has great achievements to its credit. It gave to the English workers a political justice which if incomplete and tardy was fought for stoutly and with relentless patience. Lord Morley can honestly claim that in the period of his governance Ireland was never coerced, and the most striking effort in British history made to do her justice. His diaries are a text-book for every statesman who would cull at first hand the secret of administration. It is clear enough from every page he writes that the contact of liberalism with the world of officials is by very definition the clash of mighty opposites. It is clear, again, that the terms of political controversy demand, at each stage of the event, the readjustment of the ideal. The discovery of man's humanity makes achievement of the best impossible; and it is with milestones on an endless road that we can alone be concerned. Of Lord Morley's Irish administration it can with full certainty be said that it was at every stage generous and consistent and sincere. He seems to have been the one English statesman of the first rank who throughout endeavored to grasp the Irish point of view, to read the riddle of Parnell, to turn a resolute back upon coercion. If he had a fault, it was an excessive loyalty to Mr. Gladstone, and a failure to realize what it was to cost the Liberal party that Chamberlain should have been driven away. England has paid dearly for Mr. Gladstone's dominating leadership, even though there are circumstances to be urged in mitigation.

There followed long years of opposition during which he stood nobly by the right cause, which was the unpopular cause, during the South African War. These were lean years for liberalism; and it must have been a hard task for one with other tastes to stand by his creed, and keep in actual sight a faith so scorned. With the triumph of 1906 Lord Morley took an office hardly less contentious and infinitely more complex than that of Ireland. His Indian secretaryship is the most conspicuous example, Ripon's viceroyalty apart, of an effort to apply the principles of liberalism to an issue blinded by the prejudices of race and color and manifold diversity of interest. More can not be said than that he made a beginning. The feeling of anyone who reads the letters written week by week by Lord Minto, and here reprinted, will be mainly of admiration for a courage that, at close on seventy, could assume so great a task. The problem was barely touched, but faintly stated. There are no more than indications of the path

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that change may happily one day take. There are noble pleas for clemency in administration, and a fine distaste for executive justice. One feels a certain weariness in the endeavor—a sense that the enemy and the traditions were at times almost too strong. And the tenure was too short to do more than register a hope of greater things.

Through the thirty years of stormy political conflict, the quality of which this book leaves the deepest consciousness is serenity. The judgment on men is sober and clean-cut, the maxims of conduct faithful to those from whom Lord Morley took his principles. He occupied in the House of Commons a singularly aloof position. Never a great orator, his speeches were convincing, and he had the sense of right which prevents the manipulation of a bad case. He lacked the genius of negotiation, and impressed his party less by the charm or weight of personality than by the force of intellect. He could never play the tricks and tactics of procedure as, in the fashion of Paganini with his fiddle, Mr. Gladstone played them. In the House and with the people he had an enviable reputation of blunt honesty which won him the regard of men of every creed. He was too aloof from the management of men to have led a party as Disraeli led one; too lacking in the dangerous magnetism of oratorical supremacy, by which Mr. Gladstone maintained his power, ever to hold the mass of men. He impressed English politics somewhat as Mill impressed them, with this difference, that while Mill convinced the House that intelligence and character can be translated from philosophy into the large issues of every day life, Lord Morley made it evident that the philosopher himself was capable of such translation. How far this vision extended we do not know. The war casts its veil over his thoughts on our own day. Did he sympathize with the Anglo-Russian entente? Did he aid Lord Haldane in that tragically abortive effort towards friendship with Germany? Did he at all stay the mad race for armaments which seemed, in his last seven years of office, to impeach the purposes of liberalism? What thoughts were in his mind on that bitter day of August when he resigned from power? Of all this no word is said. One thing only bears witness to the retention, in dark hours, of the lifelong faith—a plea in the House of Lords for the administration of the war on terms that are consonant with liberty. It is a plea not different from what we would have demanded, and from none other does it mean so much.

Among English men of letters in our own day Lord Morley occupies a special place. Bagehot has shown that in the field of critical interpretation he was at least Lord Morley's compeer in quality; and in his exactitude of psychological interpretation Bagehot is clearly the better man. But Bagehot dissipated his energies in a hundred directions, and it is the one great field that Lord Morley has deeply ploughed. Where there is so much of permanence the task of selection is difficult. The Compromise has still its message to a generation which, under the aegis of T. H. Green, seeks to wrap old mysticisms in the cloak of new transcendental terms. That book came as a bold declaration of a faith in doubt, and of the stain involved in the sacrifice of deepest thought to the hour's changing need. The studies on the eighteenth century rescued two generations from the oblivion of Carlyle's reproach, and essays like those on Turgot and Robespierre are written in the style that we should have wished Burke to understand. The book on Diderot goes deepest, setting in striking phrase the perspective of a new moment in the development of the mind. The Voltaire has brilliant pages; but it hardly compares with the superb portraits of Lanson and Faguet. The Rousseau is the nearest approach to failure that Lord Morley has made. It has the sting of Benthamite hardness about it; and it lacks the perception of the immense distance Rousseau travels by methods that, however unreasonable, still took him on the right road. It does not sufficiently recognize that Rousseau, after all, had the signal merit of raising the fundamental questions; and it is because of the answer that he gave that we are forging a scientific response. The Life of Cobden is the text-book of an epoch; and it is, in some sort, the most interesting of all his books because, so clearly, the writer learned conviction in the writing of it. Above all, of course, there towers the Gladstone, and however it be regarded, it is in the real sense a magistral book. Not so much in its portrait of Mr. Gladstone as in the background it paints—the marvelous picture of Newman's Oxford, the tale of the Home Rule epoch, the record of cabinet technique—it sets the perspective of English political history for more than sixty years. Lord Morley would not himself claim that the Gladstone there depicted is the Gladstone history will entirely recognize. It is the disciple's picture, with too few of the touches Dilke and Chamberlain and Hartington could have contributed. It has significant omissions; and there are many archives to be explored before the last judgment may be pronounced with confidence. If, from the twenty odd volumes, it was some half-hundred pages one had to take, it is the lecture on Machiavelli that is above all compelling. There, as largely stated as a man can state them, are the great questions; and the answer is made in fine temper and with the deep experience of essential battles lost and won.

If the books have one defect, it is perhaps the absence of emotion in them. They are always on the cold level of pure reason. They lack the glorious smile that sometimes and not seldom) breaks over Maitland's pages. They rarely glow with the burning passion that Acton could put into those scattered pages on liberty that are among the most vital of their age. They are not genial in the way in which one suddenly understands that the Macaulay who wrote the History of England was also the Macaulay who paid a guinea for a "superb sheet of paper" upon which a valentine for his tiny niece might (in verse) be written. Like Mill himself, and, in another sense, George Eliot, they have the gravity of one who never for a moment descends below the level of ironic gesture; for the ideas among which he moves demand the dignity of full dress. Critics have complained in him of the absence of a religious sense. It is difficult to know exactly what the criticism means. If by religious is meant that elevation of mind and eagerness for great purpose which, as he himself suggests, the fourth book of the Excursion so nobly embodies, there have been few more religious men. He lacks the mystic community with the unseen and the unknowable which is at every moment so baffling in persons so diverse as Bismarck and Mr. Gladstone; though one feels here that he has seen the more clearly for it. He is obviously not metaphysical in temper—Mill, Goethe, Wordsworth, Burke, are those to whom, above all, he seems to return. But, as the whole of his work has shown, he has in a high degree that sense of great institutions which makes a man examine not less reverently because he rejects her truths the great corporate church which still remains the greatest example of human fellowship. It is from Mill and Comte, doubtless, that he has drawn the tinge of rigidity in outlook that is rarely far away. Someone has finely said of him that he has had the Dominican temper; and there is a noble sense in which he has been an Inquisitor for truth. But he has so far

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retained the power to doubt profoundly that it is, after all, a quality that one needs. And he has kept so generously a love of men, a care for the ends they seek, a passion for the paths they tread, that it is reverence, perhaps, above all, that his sternness will evoke. Nor will it be a small claim to our gratitude that he has persistently emphasized the perennial sources of civil and moral wisdom.

The generations are each of them visions that die, and it is the most difficult of tasks to appraise the contribution each has made. There is abroad today a temper which belittles, without much knowledge, the achievement of the Victorian time. We should be careful of such light-hearted judgment. The Victorian age, after all, is the age that gave us Darwin and Huxley, Mill and Meredith, John Bright and T. H. Green. "New truths," Lord Morley tells us, "were welcomed in free minds, and free minds make brave hearts. . . . Fresh principles were set afloat, and supported by the right reasons. The standards of ambition rose higher and purer. Men learned to care more for one another." There is hardly here one word too much, and it sets a lofty standard for our generation. And it is in the lives of men who have given heart and mind, as he has given them, to the discovery of those truths and principles, that we shall humbly find the inspiration of our own effort.

H. J. L.

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Oceanic Mythology

The Mythology of All Races, Vol. IX: Oceanic, by Roland B. Dixon, Ph.D., Professor of Anthropology, Harvard University. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $6.00.

THIRD in the actual order of appearance in a sumptuously printed and illustrated series of thirteen volumes, Professor Dixon's book easily excels its predecessors in point of general interest and scientific worth. Professor William Sherwood Fox labored under the difficulties of a subject worn threadbare by our educational traditionalism. It required an extraordinarily illuminating study to rouse the jaded appetite of those whose high-school or college careers have been surfeited with tales of Hellenic philanderings; and according to competent judgment Professor Fox has certainly failed of attaining this supreme goal. No such obstacles beset the path of the writer selected for the North American field; but here success was thwarted by one of those curious meanderings of the editorial mind that leave the spectator in a state of awestricken bewilderment. Few tasks demanded more emphatically the knowledge and standpoint of the trained ethnologist; and the editorial choice fell on a professor of philosophy. Professor Hartley Burr Alexander achieved a marvel of painstaking effort, but of the important problems studding the domain of American mythology not a single one finds adequate discussion in his volume. It remains an outsider's laborious exposition of so much concrete detail without a trace of deeper insight.

Professor Dixon, on the other hand, has lectured for years on the results of Oceanian research and stands unrivaled among American students for familiarity with the available literature. The results are correspondingly more satisfactory. To be sure, Professor Dixon has not created a "standard work." That, as he is fully aware, is impossible at the present time. Apart from the irrecoverable lore of the extinct Tasmanians, which would be equally illuminating from a psychological and an historical standpoint, the gaps in our knowledge are too vast to permit a harmonious synthesis. We have little material from Australia, less from Micronesia, none from the Negrito tribes of the Philippines. These deficiencies cannot be compensated by our relative wealth of information for scattered regions of Indonesia and Melanesia on the abundance of Polynesian sources. Pending further researches, one must be content to grope about in the quest for evidence of affinity; and we have every reason to be grateful to Professor Dixon for not throwing up the sponge but propounding hypotheses of migrations and connections, which while avowedly tentative have at least a heuristic value when combined with the testimony of material culture, social institutions, ceremonial usage and linguistic resemblance.

Is Professor Dixon equally warranted in his literary characterizations of the several areas? I am afraid not. Summing up in a few trenchant phrases the distinctive traits of *any* literature, whether of civilized or aboriginal people, is an exceedingly delicate matter. For one thing, there may be conflicting tendencies that simply *will* not be reconciled under the head of a felicitous phrase. Perhaps still more important is the greatly varying degree of individuality in different literatures. Disparate elements, after all, can be set over against each other with telling antithetical effect. But what if there are *no* clearly marked characteristics? The search for short-hand formulae must needs end in disaster. Features are artificially overemphasized, and the total effect of a comparative picture becomes blurred. The desire to characterize *every* unit may even lead to contradiction and confusion. Thus the author defines the mythology of the Melanesian area by "the almost total lack of myth relating to the origin

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of the world" (p. 105). But later two distinct strata are distinguished, a Papuan and a Melanesian proper, and the former is defined by "a relative absence of cosmogonic myths" while the Melanesian layer in the narrower sense "exhibits a considerably greater evolution on the side of cosmogony" (p. 148). Such pitfalls can be avoided by a very simple device, which might be heeded by ethnologists generally—that of characterizing only thoroughly individualized features and of giving a properly greater weighting to positive than to negative traits.

In the course of his attempts to define the outstanding features of different mythologies Professor Dixon does establish a very important and hitherto neglected point. In their monomania for pedigrees the Polynesians injected their notions of genealogical propriety even into cosmogonic philosophy. It was not enough for their priest-chiefs to be lineal descendants of the gods: the ancestral line of the grandees had to be lengthened and the dignity of the divine progenitors themselves enhanced by ascribing to them also a long series of forebears. But whence could predecessors be derived for the great gods of heaven and earth whose offspring comprise all the lesser deities figuring in aboriginal cult and lore? Ancestry-mongering could be satisfied only by postulating a chain of colorless abstractions, whose development out of one another suggests an evolutionary series. Thus, the Maori of New Zealand trace Heaven back through an endless number of gradations to the primeval Void, which is made to differentiate into all sorts of other Voids after a fashion that might make the foolhardiest of our metaphysicians sit aghast and take notice.

Now this extraordinary trait of Polynesian myth had not escaped earlier writers; but fascinated by its uniqueness they had concentrated attention on this single phase of the native conceptions, ignoring the coexistence of widely distinct notions. Professor Dixon's merit lies in bringing these latter clearly to view. The Maori themselves, he shows, have legends in which Heaven and Earth are the primeval beings, without any reference being made to any chaotic predecessors. Polynesia, in short, has both evolutionary *and* special creationist origin accounts.

But while Professor Dixon merits unqualified praise for his revelation of this twofold aspect of Polynesian cosmogony, he goes curiously afield in his interpretation of the duality. During the last decade ethnological thinking has been infected by the curious disease of explaining all sorts of ethnological phenomena by the far-reaching effects of migrations. Professor Dixon, in a memorable address, combated this tendency but in the present instance he falls prey to its temptations. He is not satisfied with regarding the evolutionary type of cosmogony as of older standing than the creationist form—a conclusion in which all sane readers will concur; two distinct layers of population, one of relatively aboriginal, the other of immigrant, stock are dragged in to account for the facts. Now there is not the slightest reason for seeking any but intra-tribal causes here. All over the world we find that where a priestly caste has formed it takes for its point of departure the stock of popular beliefs and complicates or transforms them by flights of speculation. This is quite clearly what happened in the Polynesian case. The pedigree-mad Four Hundred, building on the foundation furnished by the mythology of the laity, erected a superstructure of fine-spun metaphysical abstractions—figments of speculative fancy which never had nor could have any flesh-and-blood existence for any one, themselves included.

There is one error of omission for which his professional brethren will not readily pardon Professor Dixon. No problem has more deeply stirred them of late years than the question whether New World culture was deeply or at all affected by contact with alien civilizations. Of all elements of culture nothing travels more rapidly than a folk-tale, and even Andrew Lang, doughty champion as he generally was of independent development, could not but accept as certain the borrowing and diffusion of one highly characteristic story common to North American, Asiatic and European lore. The Oceanian data yield nothing so conclusive; yet they are singularly tantalizing in the analogies they present to American motives. For example, it is not obvious why the Melanesian and the Northwest Coast Indian should devise the "arrow-chain" as a ready means for ascending to the heavens; the hero shoots an arrow into the vault of the sky, lets fly a second into the nock of the first, and so forth, until he is able to ascend by this improvised ladder. Surely this is not an obvious idea. It may be a mere coincidence, but its bearing on a possible connection between the two areas will depend on the number of correlated coincidences. Of course, even all of them jointly may not have demonstrative force—and I personally am inclined to scepticism—but we should have a complete tabulation of possibly significant similarities and this unfortunately the author has most unphilanthropically dispensed with, contending himself with casual references to their existence.

If Professor Dixon nods at times, he has been singularly successful in preserving his readers from the same condition where failure to keep their interest seemed imminent. Nothing is ordinarily a greater strain on the attention than the consecutive perusal of dozens of aboriginal tales. Literally translated, they bristle with obscure allusions to native custom, conventional repetitions and puzzling ellipses; on the other hand, when stripped of everything but the essential incidents, they appear singularly bald and saltless. Professor Dixon has struck a happy medium, avoiding the diffuseness and obscurities of the vernacular versions and at the same time preserving to a considerable degree the original flavor. This formal merit will ensure a wide circle of readers among the myth-loving public, while the author's concise summary of relevant facts makes the volume indispensable to the ethnographer and the comparative folklorist.

R. H. L.

The Factor of Sex

The Wanderers, by Mary Johnston. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75.

THIS book is an attempt to see with a universal eye, and, in addition, with a feministic universal eye. Mary Johnston has taken for theme the progress of woman's relation to man from earliest time not to the present day, but to the French Revolution. This, I believe, was her intention, however much the business of writing the book may have altered it. She did not purpose, as I see it, to deal with the perpetual personal struggles between man and woman, but with man and woman struggling together as institutions. It is the typical man and woman of each institutional age with whom she deals—the man and woman of the predatory age, of the communal age, of the matriarchate, of the ages when men gained the supremacy in society, of the intellectually anonymous ages classified by the anthropologists. But upon coming to the modern

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world, a cross division begins, and the author loses step by changing to the usual program used by novelists of the progress of man, and gives us love stories from the Orient, Babylon, Greece, Rome, the Teutonic Barbarians, the dark ages in France, the age of chivalry, the age of Luther, the Puritan Revolution in England, and the French Revolution. This is an intention demanding erudition for its fulfilment, and, I am afraid, is not satisfied.

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J. L.

Contributors

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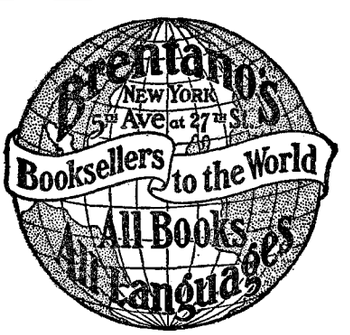

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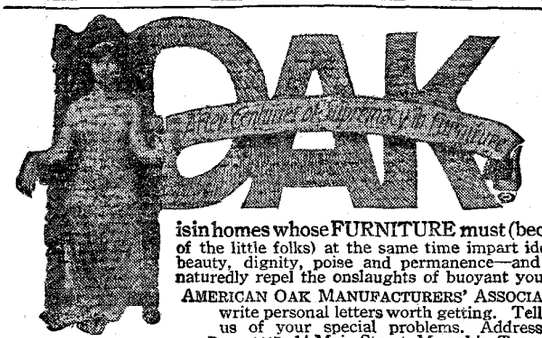

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